

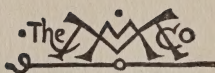
Division

BS538

Section

.R52

LIFE AND THE BOOK



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK . BOSTON . CHICAGO . DALLAS
ATLANTA . SAN FRANCISCO

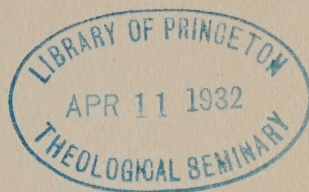
MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED

LONDON . BOMBAY . CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED

TORONTO

LIFE AND THE BOOK



BY
HILARY G. RICHARDSON

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1929

COPYRIGHT, 1929,
By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction
in whole or in part in any form.

Set up and printed.
Published October, 1929.

SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE CORNWALL PRESS

TO
MY WIFE
NANCY DAVIS RICHARDSON

FOREWORD

As I write, Commander Byrd's expedition is outward bound for the South Pole. The mere adventure of it appeals. So we ever follow the daring exploits of men.

He who leaves the settled old homeland of long established custom and tradition in quest of new ideas is also an adventurer. He too is caught by the lure of the unknown and dangerous. If he is unafraid he is likely to run into what will revolutionize his whole life. He is liable to settle down, or rather to keep moving, in some far outlying territory, and never go back to his old home to tell the tale. This realm of the mind, spirit, or whatever one prefers to call it, is full of thrills and excitements. It is a vast place of high adventure. As yet man has only touched its outer fringes.

This book is the story of such adventure. It is the record of experiences with a book looked upon by many as the greatest ever written. I shall try to tell what this book has done with me, into what it has led me, of how it has shaken me to pieces and then set me up again. It also tells what I think of this book, my estimates of it, now that I have kept company with it for so many years and been dragged by

it here and there. I write, however, not to tell of myself, but to arouse intelligent interest in that which I am trying to explore and in which so much of my best life is lived.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD	7
I. THE BOOK AND THE BOY	13
II. AT THE FEET OF THE LEARNED	23
III. A GREAT LIGHT	33
IV. THE BOOK ON THE MOUNTAIN	47
V. IN THE WHIRL OF REVOLUTION	64
VI. THE BOOK AS AUTHORITY	74
VII. THE BOOK MAKES A HERETIC	86
VIII. THE BOOK AND THE CLERGY	96
IX. PERMANENT VALUES OF THE BIBLE—AS LITERATURE	102
X. PERMANENT VALUES OF THE BIBLE—AS HISTORY	120
XI. PERMANENT VALUES OF THE BIBLE—AS RELIGION	137
XII. ON TRANSLATING THE BIBLE	142
BIBLIOGRAPHY	163

LIFE AND THE BOOK

LIFE AND THE BOOK

CHAPTER I

THE BOOK AND THE BOY

A SMALL boy noticed that his mother sometimes read in a dingy old book which she kept on the end of the mantel. On inquiry he learned that she used it to prepare herself to teach a class of girls in the Sunday school of the Episcopal church across the way. One day when she was not around he yielded to curiosity and laid hold of the book. His eye happened to light on the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal, and he became absorbed in it. Forthwith his mind turned to certain disreputable persons who lived along the railroad on the outskirts of the village, who spent much of their time in jail, of whom he had heard awful reports. These seemed to him to be of the same stock as the prophets of Baal, and he had a great ambition to call down fire from heaven upon them. How could he get the power to qualify as a second Elijah? Though considerably discouraged by this big question, his ambition held

on for quite a time, until it was burned up in a flaming zeal to be an engineer of a railway train and haul passengers across the country at breakneck speed.

The boy was so absorbed with Elijah and the false prophets that he did not hear his mother enter the room. So he was caught in the act. She straightway suggested that he have a Bible of his own. No, she would not give him one, but she would put him in the way of earning the money to buy it. When some sweat of his brow had been converted into thirty cents by pulling weeds from flower beds and by rearranging jars of canned and preserved stuff in a storeroom, he hastened to the only shop in the village that sold books and proudly bore home the first book he had ever bought—The Book. Then for the first time he knew the aroma of a new book acquired by his own effort. As the years passed on nothing came to stand out in his memory more vividly than the odor of that little Bible, with its brown binding and red edges. Of all the books with which he has surrounded himself that little thirty cent Bible is the most valued.

Once when I told this story in a lecture a critic sought me out and informed me that no normal boy ever reacted in that way to the Bible. My critic may have been right; but I have observed many things in life that were not "true to life," whatever careless users of that phrase may mean by it. More-

over, I know that my story is true, for I was that boy and quite normal.

With the rough story of Elijah in mind, I was eager to find others of like interest in my new Bible. I did find them. When a story ran out into dry stuff that I could not understand, as most of them did, I turned the pages until I found something else that was good. No one encouraged me to read it, and I was never aware that any one noticed me when I did. I was left to my own judgments as to what to read and what to skip, and my mother had sense enough not to tell me that the Bible was written to make little boys good. Nor do I recall that in my readings of it I got any idea of goodness. Thus I had the very great privilege of being permitted to approach the Bible as I approached *Robinson Crusoe*, Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, *Arabian Nights* and other books that had my attention in those early days. And I felt no difference between them and the Bible.

Probably I did hear in church and elsewhere that the Bible was the word of God. But that idea made no impression upon me, was over my head and beyond the range of my experience. I had all the god I needed in my parents, all the heaven I required in my home. The great spiritual God of whom I heard from the clergyman and from the Sunday school teacher was incomprehensible, met no need of my life, was remote, and therefore was uninteresting. I never fell victim to the idea of an

avenging God on the trail of small boys who were naughty. As for the devil, the jokes I heard cracked over his horny head turned him into a purely fanciful character, like one of those monstrous giants or jinns in the fairy stories.

The first discovery which I remember stumbling upon in my Bible reading was that the Psalms in my Bible were very different from the Psalter of the Prayer Book which we read responsively in every service. I asked my mother why. When she told me to refer the matter to my Sunday school teacher I was aware that she had made an indirect confession of ignorance. The Sunday school teacher challenged my statement that there were differences, and was not convinced that there were until she had compared Bible and Prayer Book in my presence. Then she frankly admitted that the matter was too much for her and promised to refer it to the rector. When he circulated around among the classes in his black garb just before the close of the session my teacher detained him and asked for light on my question. For a moment his face, upon which my eyes were fastened intently, wore an expression of perplexity. Then he smiled and said that it was a large question and that he would give an answer to it when he had time. I knew as well as I knew I was sitting there that I had stumped the rector as well as my mother and my teacher. This did not shake my confidence in them nor arouse in me any vanity,

for I had already asked hundreds of whys on hundreds of different subjects that had brought forth no light from anyone within my circle. And I had also been informed on various occasions that any fool can ask questions which the wisest men cannot answer. The rector never came back with the promised information; and I had to wait many years and then find for myself the answer to the first question that the Bible put to me.

About the same time I encountered my second biblical problem. My teacher, an old-fashioned schoolmistress, began the work of each day by reading a lesson from the Bible and a little prayer. In her readings from the Psalms I was struck by the word *selah*, which she pronounced in sepulchral tone, with a slight pause before and after. I looked through the Psalms in my Bible and found that queer word sprinkled around in them. The next day I asked the teacher what it meant. She looked me in the eye for an instant and then said very solemnly, "It is a part of the word of God."

I do not mean to convey the impression that I spent most of my time reading the Bible. I dipped into it only on occasion, when moved by some spirit or suggestion of the moment. I read only those parts that I found interesting, together but a small part of the whole, and I read them only because they were interesting. All my Bible study from that day to this has been done from no other motive. It is

futile to try to study it or anything else if it is not interesting. I have never studied the Bible to make myself good, nor been so deluded as to think that the study of it would bring me gold or fame. It interests me just as the law of relativity interests a certain friend of mine and as the manners and customs of the Hottentots interest another. The more thoroughly I have studied it the more interesting I have found it, and the more interesting I have found it the more have I studied it. Perhaps my case is a peculiar one; and it baffles me when I undertake to account for it. I know that it is not mine by heredity, and that the Bible was a very small item in the sum total of my environment. The only way in which I can explain this queer twist in me, this affinity for the Bible, is that it was put in me by the Almighty or by whoever had the making of me.

It seems that my interest in the Bible was stimulated by a huge book containing a number of engravings of biblical themes. I particularly enjoyed the picture of Adam and Eve being expelled from the garden by a fierce and robust angel who flashed a flaming sword over them, and another of Samson ripping down the temple and spilling Philistines from overhanging galleries. Indeed, all pictures of battles and murders very much appealed to me. And I particularly enjoyed the parts of the Bible that told of these things. To this day the most barbaric parts of the Bible, which seem to cause many of its

friends much embarrassment, are to me a splendid release from civilization.

In my readings I was impressed with the great part that sacrifices played in the Bible. It seemed to me that in those old days all that one had to do when he wanted something was to burn an animal on an altar. Sacrifice seemed to me to belong in the category with certain practices and beliefs of the many negroes in my community. Hence I was quite skeptical about its efficacy. However, when an occasion arose I decided that the wise thing to do was to put it to the test. I knew that my father would come back from a business trip which he was taking with a present for me. My heart was set on a rifle, as he very well knew. I went to bed one night thinking the matter over and resolved that the next morning I would try a sacrifice as a means to enlist the interest of God in getting the rifle. After breakfast I went out to a corner of the yard where I ran the least risk of being observed, built an altar of stone and brick, a square, hollow affair, and filled it with straw, excelsior and dry chips. Then I drew forth a young chicken from a coop, chopped off its head with a hatchet, put it on top of the altar and kindled the fire. The burning flesh was so odoriferous that I had to move off from it to a considerable distance. However, my sacrifice was pretty well consumed. What was left of it was brought into the house by the cat. Thinking I was too small to be entrusted with a rifle, my father brought me a

ball and a bat. Thereupon what little faith I had had in sacrifices collapsed.

Many of the stories of the Bible are so involved with the setting, atmosphere and environment of those early days that I have never been able to detach and consider them apart and by themselves. I not only feel their own inherent Eastern fascination of poetry and myth, but entangled with all this are the lights and shadows of an American landscape, a Victorian parlor darkened and cooled against the fierce summer day, the cheer of an open fire within and a howling winter storm without. So it is with every lover of books. Trailing about and through the great book are the rich and mellow memories of the day of its discovery, and over it hovers forever the glow of that bright day. On the other hand, should one's first contact with a book be unpleasant, if it was introduced to him, for instance, as a task to be done at the order of some stern or dry pedagogue, he is probably incapacitated for life so far as that book is concerned. In just that way the Bible has been made impossible for many people.

Many others have been alienated from the Bible because it was introduced to them as a book to be worshiped, an awful repository of a God out to visit horrible punishment upon the majority of the human race. It brings to their minds gloomy Sabbaths on which they were compelled to read or memorize it. That custom, however, is no more, at least

among the more intelligent classes. Unfortunately these have gone to the other extreme of neglect. However, this neglect of the Bible by the modern home, so often deplored in religious circles, has its advantages. If one has not been introduced to it in an unnatural way during childhood, he is left free to discover it or to have it discovered for him at some later period of his life, unprejudiced either for or against it.

For instance, among my friends is a gentleman of great intelligence and considerable distinction, past middle life. A short time ago on entering his house he greeted me with an enthusiasm akin to that of an investigator who had just made the crowning discovery of his career. He began to tell me about it almost before I was across the threshold. I learned that he had spent a night in a hotel and was not able to sleep. To pass the time he laid hold of the only reading matter at hand, a Bible placed in the room by the Gideons. He became so fascinated, he told me, that he read until daylight. "By hecky," he declared vehemently, "it's the greatest stuff I've bumped into in thirty years! Why it's as great as Homer and Shakespeare!" On his arrival at home he searched in vain among his thousands of books for a copy of the Bible. Then he tried to borrow one, going to the homes of three neighbors in turn, all of whom were Bibleless. The next morning he bought a copy in a secondhand bookstore for thirty

cents. For the next hour he pointed out to me the things in it that had found him. Among these was the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. This, he said, and the story of David and Bathsheba were among the greatest he had ever read.

CHAPTER II

AT THE FEET OF THE LEARNED

I WAS a freshman in one of the oldest and most old-fashioned country colleges when I had my second great awakening in respect of the Bible. All students were compelled to take the course in the Bible, one hour per week, throughout their college life. Our teacher during that freshman year was the professor of the Hebrew Old Testament in the theological seminary hard by the college. There he sat before us at a crude old desk in a narrow little room without ventilation and heated by an antique stove, but almost as far removed from us as the Almighty. To us infants his head contained all the learning of the ages. He made the Old Testament live, working in most effectively the more important archaeological finds. Then it was that I heard for the first time of the Rosetta stone, of the Moabite stone, of the Siloam inscription, and of the finds of explorers and diggers in Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria.

This doctor had sense enough, too, not to tell us that the Bible was written to make lusty college boys good. He preached no sermons, drew no lessons

and pointed no morals. Indeed, he brought out the grave defects of some of the important Old Testament heroes and made no apology for them. In a word, he treated all that old Jewish story as he would have treated the story of the Greeks or Romans. All unknown to himself he aroused in me a tremendous interest in his subject. Nor was the good effect of his influence destroyed by the atrocious mishandling which the Bible received from another of my teachers during the subsequent three years at the college.

This revival of my interest in the Bible did not inspire me to fall in with what is commonly called the religious life. While I conducted myself in a decent manner, I took no interest in what was generally understood by religion. I did not belong to the college Y. M. C. A. Occasionally I attended religious meetings conducted by and for students and made an honest effort to participate in them, but I was not able to respond either with head or heart. I was not hostile to any of these things; I did not wish to interfere with my pious contemporaries who enjoyed prayer meetings and Bible classes. In return I did wish to be let alone with my liberty of avoiding being bored by religious exercises. I was active in a student movement to abolish compulsory chapel and compulsory attendance at church on Sunday mornings, and thereby won for myself a bad name with some.

During the vacation following my sophomore

year I had another awakening, one blistering August Sunday, at an old country church where the service was of the crudest sort. The preacher told us in his sermon, the theme of which I do not remember, that the Old Testament was written in Hebrew, that this was the language spoken in heaven and used by the angels as they conversed in flower carpeted groves of trees of life. It was also, he said, the language given to Adam and Eve when they were created, and that in which they and the serpent discussed the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden. "When you read it," he declared, "you got to start at the back of the book and on the wrong side of the page. And the only book ever written in that language of God and heaven is the Scripture of the Old Testament." This is an instance of those great mysteries of seed and soil that will never be unveiled. Why should I have remembered nothing else of that sermon by an unlearned old preacher who talked through heavy whiskers, only a few sentences which he himself could hardly have thought of as efficacious in soul saving? But forthwith I developed an immense curiosity concerning that strange Hebrew tongue which went the wrong way. That curiosity kept itself in my system like a fire, now smouldering and almost dying out, and again blazing up lustily whenever the right wind passed over it.

After my graduation at college and a year in a university I entered the Presbyterian theological

seminary close by my old college. In taking this step I was not under the control of such an exalted motive as that of saving the souls of the lost. I had no sense of mission to lost souls nor any sense of a call to convert the world to anything. I was upon quest of knowledge of the Bible and nothing else. Indeed my "spiritual" motives were regarded by some as at such a low level, though my morals were sound, that the presbytery under which I had to place myself hesitated quite a while before it would accept me as a candidate for the ministry and give me a passport letting me through the sacred portals of the seminary. They finally decided that I meant well, even though I had not yet learned to drop into the proper ecclesiastical lingo. I chose the seminary as the place of my further quest of knowledge because it admitted students almost without money and without price. It required no tuition fee, and provided the student with a furnished room. I had spent so much on my education that my funds were getting low; for me it was a choice between free tuition and going to work.

The doctor who had taught me the Bible when I was a freshman was an important determining factor in this whole matter. I felt that he was the very man to guide me through the mysteries of that crazy language of heaven, as I had come to regard it after hearing that old country preacher's account of it.

This seminary was of the most conservative and orthodox type, holding fast to the Calvinistic doctrine that the Bible is the one and only authority in religion and inspired of God to the last letter. Therefore, it maintained with magnificent and relentless logic it was essential for the minister, leader of the people in spiritual things, to know the word of God in the languages in which God had chosen to record it. That old seminary knew where it stood and for what it stood. The stiffest winds of new doctrine that blew against it hardly made themselves felt. It was a great life if one could succeed in living it. I look back across the years that have wrought so many changes in me and salute it with respect and reverence as I do any institution that has an honest faith for which it is able to give the reasons.

Our professor of Hebrew taught us nothing, however, about the inspiration of the Bible. He left all that field to his colleague, the professor of Systematic Theology, who beat it into us mightily. I always had the feeling, based upon no evidence and probably entirely unjustifiable, that for our Hebrew doctor the traditional doctrine of the inspiration of the Old Testament had become considerably modified. For three years I studied Hebrew under him, during one of which I took a special extra course. Though his own studies had not gone beyond the elements of biblical Hebrew and of Old Testament subjects, he was so gifted as a teacher that every student of in-

telligence was sorry when the bell rang at the end of the hour. He could even put life into the dryest details of Hebrew grammar.

Having had four years of Greek in college, I did not find the Greek New Testament a difficult subject. Although the professor in that department was an elderly man of beautiful spirit, he was one of the poorest teachers I ever sat under. He might have killed the New Testament for me, or me for it, had I not become convinced from what the Old Testament man was doing for me that there was equal power in the other Testament, and I determined to search it out for myself at the first opportunity.

I had become so fascinated with the Old Testament that I did a good deal more work in it than was required. During those three years I read practically all of it in Hebrew and most of the old Jewish translation of it into Greek known as the Septuagint. I accepted with inner questionings what the theology professor said about its inspiration, though I never revealed this state of my mind even to my most intimate friends. Probably I should have repudiated the doctrine then and there had our Old Testament man called our attention to the work of modern biblical scholars. But of all their work and its results I was left in almost complete ignorance, coming to know some of them only by name blacklisted under the term "radical." Their books were not in the library of the place. Though I had

no interest in theology and was one of the poorest of theologians I got more recognition from the professor in that department than I did from the professor of Hebrew, who never singled me out for special notice in spite of all my hard work and deep interest in his subject. Because of this lack of talent for theology, a deficiency that I have never been able to overcome, I was interested in the Bible only as a product of the human mind, though at the time I could not have given a clear account of my interest.

During my last year at the seminary, news came to me of an archaeological expedition being organized for the purpose of digging in the mounds of Babylonia. Reports that I read told of what was likely to be unearthed, of the light that these finds would probably throw upon certain Bible problems, and so on. This sort of thing appealed to me. I sent off in the same mail an order for a large book on Oriental archaeology and a letter to one of the heads of the proposed expedition, a professor in a great university, making application for a job. After I had mailed my letter I became so excited by visions of myself streaking across the desert on a camel, getting in scraps with wild Arab tribes, but in the end bringing to light from the mounds all sorts of useful finds, that I could neither study nor sleep. Thus I awaited the reply to my letter.

Many days went by, and that reply did not come.

I wrote again, this time enclosing a commonplace statement which certainly did not flatter me or my record as a student, which I begged from my professor of Hebrew and which he gave to me with seeming reluctance. However, it brought a quick answer. After some correspondence, in which I got down on my knees and begged for the honor of an appointment to the very humblest position on the staff of the expedition, they agreed to take me. While my status was not clearly defined, it was about that of water boy and general roustabout. I was told, however, that I might expect promotion if I developed any talent for the work; if I did not I might expect to be shipped back home. Then I had an excitement that quite demoralized me. With feverish haste I set about getting my affairs in order in preparation for the long journey, though I had no affairs that could not have been settled in a day or two, and gave myself up to a dream life of high adventure in the East.

So things stood when I was informed that the expedition had struck some sort of snag in the Turkish government and that the whole project would probably have to be abandoned. I replied that in my estimation the Turkish government was a thing of no importance, and strongly advised that we go ahead and take a chance with both the Turks and the wild Arabs. I remember emphasizing the idea that we could easily get the Arab tribes on our side with a little diplomacy and ready cash, and thus

put ourselves in position to lick any Turks that might venture to interfere with us. These suggestions were ignored.

Forthwith I tried to make connection with two other expeditions of which I had learned, one working in Palestine, the other in Egypt. Indeed I was fully prepared to profess Mohammedanism if that should be necessary in order to enter the gateways of the Near East. My begging appeals to be taken along were all in vain. I would have shipped as stowaway had the opportunity offered itself.

This turned out to be one of the greatest demoralizations of my life. I had something of a breakdown as a result of it. Perhaps it was made harder to bear by the fact that I never revealed my archaeological endeavors to any one. Certainly the Bible had cut me up considerably. I came to the day of my graduation from the seminary with the feeling that the world was a cruel place and life not worth the living. However, I pulled myself together, looked around, and on the advice of a much older friend decided to try for awhile the work for which I had been trained supposedly by the seminary. This friend, himself a devoted Presbyterian minister who knew only of my doubts of my own gifts for the ministry and nothing of my archaeological failures, sustained me by pointing out that in the work of the ministry I might learn a good many useful things and that I could easily give it up if I should find out that I was not suited to it.

So I became a minister with a very lively interest in the Bible, with the resolve to explore it further, and with some little academic knowledge of elements. I had no inkling of that into which the Bible was to plunge me in the years to come.

CHAPTER III

A GREAT LIGHT

AFTER graduating from the seminary I became minister of a little Presbyterian church in a small city on the eastern border of the Middle West. The place had become industrialized, and was energetic with the passion for making money. A large foreign population was flocking to it, and saloons, disreputable joints, and other agencies of corruption were flourishing. Yet I did not feel a call to save all the lost souls of the place. I perceived that no effort of mine would improve the situation and that therefore energy thus used would be squandered and only make me suffer from the stress and strain of a sense of futility. Moreover, I was aware that I was not fashioned to be an evangelist.

I had begun to construct a working philosophy of life for which the Bible had furnished me some foundation stones. A statement that I had come across in the Book of Proverbs had greatly impressed me: "Though thou shouldst braise a fool in a mortar with a pestle along with bruised grain, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." It seemed to me that Jesus had the same idea when he said: "Whoso-

ever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." Also Paul's exposition of the election of grace, which stood out so boldly in Presbyterian doctrine, seemed to me to be of the same tradition. Like Paul, I felt my mission to be only to those of the election, to those who had the power to appreciate fine and beautiful things. I came to the conclusion that those who had this divine gift would use it, no matter what obstacles were put in their way, and that nothing could lead or drive into the life more abundant any person who was born without the capacity for it. The fact that the number of those walking in the broad road that leads to death was so great, and the number finding the straight and narrow way so small, did not trouble me. This was God's concern and not mine. In all this I think I have remained a pretty good Presbyterian to the present time. Behaviorists and others have not convinced me that any process of education can put into a person a tendency that was absent from him when he came into the world.

So instead of turning myself into a missionary, I concentrated upon the task of deepening my knowledge of *The Book*, which had already provided me with the first of all essentials, a philosophy of life. But in spite of the fascination of the subject for me, this work had its discouraging features. There was no one in the town who had the least interest in the sort of thing I was doing. The local clergy,

belonging to a dozen or more denominations, were interested in the Bible only in its English translation and as a storehouse of texts for sermons and practical lessons. Neither among these nor outside their number did I succeed in finding anyone who responded when I tried to point out some of the interesting features of my studies. The intellectual life of the place was at a very low ebb. There was no library of any kind, nor was there any sort of group or club organized for intellectual or artistic endeavor. All this, however, did not prevent me from pressing on, and as my studies progressed the Bible kept putting to me all sorts of knotty questions which challenged me to find the answers. Thus it became such a great companion that I had no sense of loneliness. Moreover, the release from the routine of classrooms and tasks prescribed by professors gave me a great sense of freedom. After so many years in academic circles I welcomed the chance to explore for myself.

I had not gone far with my independent studies before I discovered that I was greatly hampered by inability to get at books. There was no first-class library within hundreds of miles. The only way to get a book was to buy it. As my resources were limited and books were costly I was not able to have access to hundreds that were on my list. However, I bought what I could.

I do not remember how my attention was first called to the man whom I now look upon as my

father in all this business, W. Robertson Smith, one of the most illustrious of the liberalizers of the Victorian era. In 1875 Smith had shocked the English-speaking world through his article on the Bible in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Matters were carried further by other articles of his and by his lectures delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow and published in book form under the title *Old Testament in the Jewish Church*. I bought the second and enlarged edition of this work, which is a classic of biblical scholarship. It had upon me the effect that Hume's philosophy had upon Immanuel Kant, arousing me from my dogmatic slumbers. Before I had finished it I perceived that I had been taught many false things about the Old Testament.

I came to the end of this book in full sympathy with the modern critics and wishing to know more about Robertson Smith. I became acquainted with him in the biography by Black and Chrystal, which kept me up nearly the whole of one stormy winter night, and in sketches by Lord Bryce and Sir J. G. Frazer. I also had the chance to learn about him from men who had known him. From these sources I learned that after a bitter heresy trial Smith had been deposed from the chair of Hebrew in one of the divinity schools of the Free Church of Scotland, and that he had spent the rest of his all too short life as professor of Arabic in Cambridge University. I learned further that he was a genial, lovable, most human man and a king among scholars. I began to

thank God, and still thank Him, for this prince of heretics. It was not long until all of Robertson Smith's books were in my possession. His work still lives; only recently appeared a new edition of his *Religion of the Semites* with notes by one of the foremost of present-day biblical scholars.

I proceeded to dispose of the antiquated books on the Bible upon which I had wasted my money on the advice of my professors and to provide myself with others of a different complexion. I got Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica*, Briggs' *Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch*, Gesenius' *Hebrew Grammar*, *The Jewish Encyclopaedia*, Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, the *Hebrew Lexicon* by Briggs, Brown and Driver, and other standard works of biblical scholars. I subscribed to the *International Critical Commentary* and to several learned journals. With Wellhausen's *Prolegomena zur Geschichte Israels* I undertook to enlarge my knowledge of German. As time went on I proceeded to learn Aramaic, Assyrian and Arabic by myself. As my studies expanded, my love and enthusiasm for the Bible increased, and also the sense of my own ignorance, which was disheartening.

Robertson Smith had led me into a new country. I saw stretching out before me great unexplored regions in which were historical books, prophets, psalms, wisdom literature and New Testament, and on in the distance the vast realm of old Oriental

languages and literature. The Babylonian cuneiform writing was calling me. I was fascinated by Arabic, and Islam caught my imagination. I became as curious about ancient Egyptian as I had been about Hebrew when I heard the old country preacher tell about it, and was eager to get into it. I perceived that this vast new world of mine was full of mental and spiritual hardship and adventure. I responded as nearly every young fellow responds to the call of adventure. I differed from other youth only in my field of operation.

With the men who had written the Bible and with the great scholars who had expended themselves upon it, I felt myself to be in one of the most illustrious of companies. But the enormous bulk of the territory that I wished to cover dispirited me, as did also my lack of equipment, ability and time. I felt sore need of a mature scholar to direct me in my studies; and had I had such guidance at that time I should have avoided waste of energy and made much better progress. I became curious about the personality of every great scholar whose books I read, and wondered to what extent he was master of the whole Oriental field. Many of them seemed to be supermen dwelling upon an Olympus of learning which I could not hope to reach, but now and then I found one of them admitting that he did not know certain things and that encouraged me.

However, being thrown upon my own resources had its advantages. In my subsequent biblical

studies I have never had a thrill quite equal to that I experienced when the editor of one of the leading journals informed me that a paper of mine, upon which I had worked hard, had been accepted for publication. For the moment this heartened me greatly and gave me confidence in myself. But soon enough my old inferiority complex was back, and I had to fight it constantly.

At this time a small group of men met in my church to launch a campaign for funds for the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building. A Methodist minister who had been greatly impressed by a popular magazine article on Oriental archaeology suggested that I should deliver a lecture on "Light on the Bible from Archaeology," for the benefit of this fund. I consented to deliver the lecture without charge, and the proprietors of the largest theater in the town agreed to let us have their building without cost. It was thought that more people would be attracted to a theater than to a church. I was given five weeks in which to prepare the lecture. I thought of the crowds that had flocked to hear Robertson Smith lecture on the Bible in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and had visions of similar glory for myself. Part of my preparation was the rental at any own expense of some excellent stereopticon slides illustrating my subject, which could be used in a machine owned by the theater. The lecture was widely advertised, the tickets being one dollar each. I went to the theater on that fine winter evening with

visions of a packed house and standing room in demand. There were nineteen people present, including myself and a man who was drunk. The audience agreed with me that no lecture could be effective under such discouraging circumstances. Only the intoxicated man protested, declaring, "I come here to see Moses resurrected out of the pyramids of Egypt, and damned if I don't get what I paid for." His protest was so violent that a policeman had to be summoned to take him out. Never before or since have I had such a manifestation of interest in my work. However, I learned the next day that the main purpose had been accomplished; practically all the tickets had been sold, but the buyers had preferred their firesides to archaeology and the Bible.

As my studies went on I became irritated at the misuse of the Bible by those of the clergy who took fragments of it as texts for sermons and read into it all sorts of ideas remote from the minds of the men who wrote it. The more I thought upon this the more atrocious did the practice seem. Then I learned from my reading that it was one of many customs which the Christian church in its early days had borrowed from the pagans. Sophists and others, the historians told me, were in the habit of going about from place to place expounding their philosophies in lectures, for which lines from Homer and other ancient writers served as texts. Pagan converts to Christianity, familiar with this custom, brought it

into the church and applied it to the Bible. It seemed to me that people could never be trained to approach the Bible in a natural way, and could never be put in position to understand it, as long as this unnatural and monstrous crime was committed against it every Sunday by their ministers. I am still of this opinion, more so now than I was then.

In my preaching I tried to pull away from the prevailing practice. Instead of beginning a sermon with a "text" from the Bible I announced a subject. But I had not done this more than two or three times when I began to receive stiff protests, verbal and written, from leading persons in my parish. It was clear to me that if I did not begin my sermons in the conventional way, with little Bible texts, I should lose my job. So I yielded, but I felt that in doing so I had degraded myself, that I had sacrificed something of my independence and manhood, that out of fear of the ignorant mass I had turned back from the championship of a cause. Then there came to me what in its first glamour seemed to be a great idea. I would take a whole book or section of the Bible as a text and in the simplest language explain it in the light of the latest criticism and research. But such sermons fell flat and put half the congregation to sleep. This was partly because they, like all congregations, had come to church to be comforted or emotionally uplifted, not to be instructed. Two of my elders protested against such sermons on the ground that I was contaminating the

congregation with the ideas of "atheistic critics." Then it was that I began to perceive that some day the Bible was going to get me into trouble with the church authorities. But I was prepared for the adventure of heresy whenever it might come.

For the time being I fell back to making sermons of the sort that congregations want, wordy discourses on "practical" themes with no clear, specific aim. The effort required to make them was trivial compared with that called for by study of the Bible. In passing from the Bible to the preparation of a sermon I dropped into the gear that made the least demand upon my mental machinery. A contempt for the whole business of sermonizing grew upon me.

The fact that there was no one with whom I could talk over my work on the Bible did not make me feel lonely, for I did not allow my Oriental studies to take up all my time and to overshadow and crowd out my other interests. I have never done this. Sometimes I drop the Bible and things pertaining to it for months at a stretch and forget some elementary things. This is one reason why I have never become a professor. That business would require so much concentration on my specialty that there would be no time left for some of my other interests, that is if I would be a first-class professor. And if I could not be a first-class one and at the top as an authority I would not be any. I had contacts, and most interesting ones, with men whom Lewis and Mencken would ridicule as Babbitts and Boobs,

and found that they knew more of important matters of which I was in total ignorance than I knew of the Bible.

For diversion and exercise I cultivated a garden of flowers and vegetables which won me notoriety enough to satisfy my lust for the applause of men, never an item of any importance in my make-up. On summer days I carried on my studies in the shade of a great tree on the edge of my garden, and was often surprised to find nature shedding light upon the Bible. But there was not always this harmony. Once I left under the tree a new Hebrew Old Testament and a stack of valuable notes that I had made. While I was away a heavy storm came up, and book and notes were ruined.

After some years of trying to run a Presbyterian church, during which I taught nothing and learned much, I grew weary of the business. But my next step was chiefly dictated by the fact that I had come to the place where I had to have help in my search for truth pertaining to the Bible and access to books that I could not afford to buy. I entered the Johns Hopkins University and became a student under the famous Orientalist, Professor Paul Haupt. This move was a great shock to some of my conservative friends, who had my spiritual welfare at heart. The newspapers were giving publicity to the edition of the Old Testament then being put out under Haupt's editorship, known as the Polychrome Bible. Many good church people who did not know what poly-

chrome meant, who had never seen a volume of the work, and who could have made nothing out of those Hebrew texts if they had seen them, were greatly perturbed by the wreckage which they thought Haupt and his coworkers were making of the Christian faith. Naturally some of my dear old friends did not care to see me become a participant in this work of the devil.

The Johns Hopkins of those days consisted of a group of unimposing brick buildings in the heart of Baltimore. People walked along the streets among them and asked where the university was. But under the leadership of a group of scholars as great as were ever assembled, the atmosphere of the place was charged with the zeal for learning. With it was a remarkable and exhilarating spirit of good fellowship such as I have never found anywhere else. The fellowship had its seat in the old Johns Hopkins Club, where professors and advanced students met as comrades, where scientists and linguists exchanged ideas and helped each other in their work.

Haupt's range of scholarship was astounding. He expected us to know as much as he did, and required of us the utmost exactness and thoroughness, down to the smallest detail. In contrast with the work here my old divinity school seemed a kindergarten. Under Haupt and his assistants I was immersed in the deepest and widest learning. I had set before me the loftiest standards and ideals, and realized the length and arduousness of the road I would have to

climb. I applied myself strenuously. I studied Hebrew and the related languages of the Semitic group, including Egyptian, and was given an introduction that has enabled me in some measure to carry on these studies by myself. I discovered that familiarity with all this field is essential to the understanding of the Bible, that biblical study, indeed, leads one into all departments of knowledge. To appraise the language in which the Old Testament is written, one must not only know the languages of the group to which it belongs, but as much as he can of other languages. Since my contacts with Haupt I have never been able to respect a book on the Bible written by any man who did not have an Oriental scholarship worthy of comparison with his.

I also learned to appreciate the Old Testament for its own sake. In the university no account was taken of it as a word of God or of the doctrine of inspiration. I came to realize that the Old Testament and the New are made up of a collection of human documents, which are to be approached exactly as one approaches all other writings that have survived from antiquity.

No previous experience of mine had done so much to knock away barriers from my life as this study in the university. I was found, liberalized and set in large places. I felt that the study of the Bible was saving my soul, though most of my friends would have said it was destroying my soul. No doubt any-

one who undertakes a thorough study of anything has the same experience. Whatever the field one chooses in which to use his mind its use to full capacity is the glory of man and his salvation.

CHAPTER IV

THE BOOK ON THE MOUNTAIN

ONCE when tramping through a mountain region I lost my way. As night was coming on I decided to seek shelter at the first house to which I came. It chanced to be a very old cottage, vine clad and set back among the oaks, a restful sight to one who had lost his way. A thin, low-voiced woman in middle life responded to my knock. I stated my plight and asked for a lodging for the night. She looked at me closely for an instant, then invited me into what she called the parlor. Saying not a word, she went to a small table, over which was a crimson plush cover, and stood by it for a second or two with bowed head and closed eyes. I knew that prayer was going on, and wondered what it was about. Presently she removed the cover, and I saw on the table an enormous Bible, by the side of which was a long burnished knife. After another short prayer she thrust the blade of the knife between the leaves of the Bible and opening it leaned over and read aloud the verse on which the point of the knife rested. It was Hosea 13:6:

According to their pasture, so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me.

There followed a somewhat longer period of prayerful meditation, and then she said to me, "You are to stay."

She told me that Bible, table, cover and knife were a heritage from her parents, who had lived and died in that house. Every day she read her "portion" from that Bible, as the parents had done. She could not remember the time when they did not consult it daily on all the affairs of their lives, and as a child she had been taught to use it as a divine oracle. She explained that when she first looked at me she did not know what manner of man I was, and, she said, "All I could do was to fetch up a text on you." She admitted that the one that had been fetched was pretty knotty. But the Lord, who had given the text, had shown her what it meant. The bearing of Hosea upon me, she said, was that I had been satisfied with the poor, God-forsaken pastures in which I had been wont to feed, and the Lord had revealed to her a mission to lead me into His ways.

I accepted this unfavorable estimate of me in the spirit in which it was intended, having become interested in the mental processes of the woman and being ready to accept a place to sleep on any terms.

I talked with the woman until late in the night, and the next day until I left her hospitable roof. I

learned that she had buried a husband and two sons, and had long battled with painful ill health, to say nothing of lesser troubles. Yet in her was not a trace of the temperament of suffering Job. She was abiding in her house with faith, apparently in full mastery of life, finding manifold delights in her house, in the service of her neighbors, in her flowers, in the beauty of the natural world, and was something of a poet. She was confident that she would meet her departed in a better land. With all this were splendid common sense and humanity, and not a semblance of fanaticism. When I undertook to draw from her an explanation of what I had discovered in her she said that all she had was the gift of the Bible.

Through this experience my interest was aroused in fascinating phases of Bible study which had not been touched upon in seminary or university. After leaving the widow's home, as I trudged along the road, now and then I stopped and seated on a stump or rock made notes to guide my explorations in matters that she had suggested. When I got home I began investigating the background of her custom of "fetching up a text." John Wesley, I discovered, had practiced it, probably having learned of it from the Moravians. The widow's ancestors had brought the custom from England, along with "fetch" and certain other fine old words of her vocabulary. I found that George Eliot, in *Adam Bede*, works it into her powerful picture of the Methodists of the

time shortly after the death of Wesley, and that Eggleston in his *Circuit Rider* gives it its place in our pioneer American life. If one overhauled literature he would find many allusions to it before Wesley's time as well as since. It was practiced, for example, by Saint Francis of Assisi. Indeed it seems to have come into the Christian church quite early. The Romans used some of their great authors, especially Virgil, in this manner, lines chosen with a view to determining one's future destiny being known as *sortes Virgilianae*. No doubt the Romans in turn got it from some other people. Others think that the practice passed over to the Christians from the Jews, who certainly used their Bible for magical purposes.

From the time of my contact with the widow until now I have kept notebooks on allusions to the use of the Bible in life in writings of all sorts. What I put down here is drawn from these books, though I use only a small part of what they contain. If it proves of any interest to the reader, he, like myself, is indebted to the widow.

Most familiar of all, perhaps, is the picture of family prayers, with morning and evening readings from The Book, immortalized in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." There is also Sir Walter Scott's *The Monastery*, with its great story of those sixteenth century days of struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism. Here are shown the few followers of the Reformation who knew their letters

reading privately from the English Bible to the many who could not read, and all this outlawed as heresy by the authorities of the old church. The phantom White Lady, remembered by every lover of Scott, speaks to young Glendinning the lines so expressive of the adoring attitude of our first Protestant ancestors toward The Book:

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Upon the wild spirit of Thomas Carlyle recollection of the family worship of his childhood rested like a benediction. "My brave Father," he writes to Emerson, "now victorious from his toil, was wont to pray in evening worship: 'Might we say, We are not alone, for God is with us!'"

The custom of reading a chapter of the Bible every day, starting at the beginning and going straight through, genealogical tables, "obscene parts" and all, is frequently referred to in literature. Old Mrs. Carlyle wrote to Thomas, twenty-two years of age, "Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again." The best reference of this sort that I have come across is in Ruskin's classic, *Praeterita*. Ruskin points out, incidentally, that his very puri-

tanical mother, who oversaw and enforced his Bible reading, raised no objection when she found him indulging in *Don Juan* and other works of Byron, being convinced that if what he had seen in the Bible had done him no harm it was not in the power of Byron to injure him. Another noteworthy reference to the custom is that of George H. Palmer in his article "The Puritan Home" in *The Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1921. Those old Bible readers of the people were memorialized also in Landseer's painting "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," which Ruskin selects and describes as a masterpiece of modern art. A part of the detail of the picture is a Bible with the old man's spectacles resting upon it.

The German Freiligrath, in a poem rendered into English in a translation of a little book on the Old Testament by Hermann Gunkel, treats the theme as follows:

Thou friend of early childhood,
Thou folio brown with age,
How oft dear hands threw open
For me thy sacred page!
Thy wealth of colored pictures
Made glad my youthful eyes,
And bore me, play forgotten,
To sunny, Eastern skies.

Thou ope'dst for me the portals
Of distant lands and fair,
A mirror clear and beautiful
Of all that sparkles there!

In thee I saw fair visions,
As o'er thy leaves I bent,
Saw palm and desert camel,
Shepherd and shepherd's tent.

Abram I saw, and Isaac—
Their plain and simple ways.
The angels hovering o'er them
Throughout their earthly days.
I watched their cattle roaming,
Saw flocks their thirst assuage,
And sat and gazed in wonder
Before thy open page.

Lizette Woodworth Reese's poem entitled "Bible Stories" records similar reactions, and arouses childhood recollections in the minds of many Americans.

How the old custom of family Bible reading is dying out, not able to withstand the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, was brought home to me not long ago. In my city is an organization known as The Benefit Shop, conducted by a group of benevolent women. Persons are requested to send to it their cast-off clothing, furniture, anything that has any use left in it. It is all sold very cheaply to the poor, and perhaps to some who are not so poor, and the proceeds given to charitable institutions. Many old books are sent to it, hence its attraction for me. There, some time ago, I came upon a Bible and Apocrypha published in London in 1771, bound in brown leather, measuring 14 by 10 inches. The frontispiece is an engraving of His Majesty George III, standing in full regalia against

a background of large tomes, reading from a Bible conspicuously open upon a stand before him. The volume contains a number of engravings, nearly all of them unique and curious. On the back is a black strip with the names in gilt of the man and woman whose Family Bible it was originally. Inside are written the names of four other persons who fell heir to it in succession. The last of these lived in Boston in 1868. There is no record of its later vicissitudes. A bookplate of the second possessor, dated 1794, bears the couplet

If I this Book to you do lend,
Return it safe to me my friend.

Time had made the fulfillment of that request impossible, but I did what I could; I paid the twenty-five cents, the price set upon it, while two ladies who were present smiled in superior fashion at the queer antiquarian. As I looked through my treasure that evening I wondered what had been its history, and what was the constitution of the person who had thrown it out as so much rubbish. My imagination conjured up those who had drawn spiritual sustenance from it by the light of flickering candles. And then I reflected upon what is happening to the Family Bible.

In the same place I had opportunity to add to my collection of Bibles a work entitled *The Illuminated Bible*, in three tall volumes containing sixteen hundred engravings, published in New York in 1846. It

is one of the most monumental editions of the Bible ever put out, and I paid fifty cents for the three volumes. This is indeed a modest sum compared with what I have at other times paid for old Bibles. But when my conscience pricks me for extravagance I soothe myself with the reflection that I am paying tribute to the widow who first turned my attention to old Bibles and their story.

Emerson wrote in his Journal, "This old Bible, if you pitch it out of the window with a fork, it comes bouncing back again." Yes, back to me from The Benefit Shop and the secondhand bookstores. And the way in which they are thrown out and often sold for a song causes one to feel that there is as much truth as wit in these lines:

"Mother, I've found an old dusty thing
High on the shelf—just a book!"
"Why, that's a Bible, Tommy dear:
Be careful—that's God's book!"
"God's book!" the child exclaimed,
"Then, Mother, before we lose it
We'd better send it back to God,
For you know we never use it!"

Nearly everyone in middle life remembers the last form that the Family Bible took, the massive volume that rested in full glory upon the marble-topped table in the parlor of the American home. One recalls the thick embossed covers with their gilt designs, the glittering gilt edges and the heavy brass clasps. In the middle, between the Testaments,

births, marriages and deaths were recorded. It was all very like the household gods of the pagans, a holy shrine in the home, without which a household could not feel itself safe with the deity. The Family Bible was to Protestants what sacred images and pictures were to Catholics. But in Catholic homes the holy symbols remain, whereas from Protestant homes The Book is being banished and the times seem to be against material emblems of the spiritual. I have seen dozens of those gilded Family Bibles in The Benefit Shop. So many people in this age of great knowledge and skill seem to be floundering about in the floods, seizing upon this piece of wreckage or that, upon whatever dead stuff they may bump against and finding nothing that can bear their weight. In certain moods we find ourselves wishing that there were more like the widow, that the sure faith of the fathers in the Word, of which we have heard so much, might be brought back to the groping children. We look back and become wistful. The old faith excites our wonder and admiration in spite of ourselves, and the appeal of the present frame of mind to our pity is at times irresistible.

As I continued my explorations in the uses of the Bible as a book of religion, with the widow still my patron saint, I found that such uses had early origins among the Jews, who were a "people of The Book" long before Christianity was born. Their doctrine of the unique inspiration of scripture was taken over

bodily by the Christian church along with the Jewish Bible. Jews and Christians differed widely in their interpretations of Scripture, that is in the doctrines and lessons they extracted from it. On all this they parted never to unite again. But the doctrine of the whence and how of the Bible, that it came from God, being written by men under his direct control—was practically the same in the two households of faith. In due time the Christians made this doctrine cover the collections of writings that had come out of their communities, which we know as the New Testament.

This doctrine was kept alive in some sort of fashion during the Middle Ages, though it seems to have been obscured by the more important doctrine of the infallibility and authority of the church. But with the Reformation the Bible again established its empire. As Chillingworth said, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants." The doctrine of its divine inspiration and sole authority over the life of man is affirmed in vigorous language in confessions of faith and articles of belief put forth by Protestants after the Reformation.

To what extent, during the centuries of its career, has the study of the Bible by the people been encouraged by the church? That was another interesting question that came to me out of my experience with *The Book on the mountain*. I became curious about the evolution of that devotion to the Bible manifested by the widow. More than once I have

returned to the subject and have tried to trace it through history. But there is not much real information in the records that have survived. In the absence of all statistics, I fancy that the Bible has never been anything like so generally read as present-day popular writers on the decline of religion would have us believe. Before the invention of printing from movable type, in the fifteenth century, the only known way of making books was by copying each one by hand. Hence books were scarce and expensive, and the majority of people had no incentive to learn to read. More than once the great churchman Origen of the third century complained of the *Tedium verbi divini* among the members of the church, and declared that both at home and in the services they were bored by the reading of the Bible and did all they could to escape it. That has probably been the case everywhere and in all times. We must suppose that lovers of the Word, such as the widow, have ever been scarce. Private reading of the Bible has never been extensively practiced or encouraged in most countries of the Christian world. It has had no place in the discipline of the Catholic church, which still holds sway over the larger part of Western Christendom. In Protestant Germany under the stimulus of Luther's great version, it has been prevalent, as also in Britain and America. But even in these lands, to borrow Voltaire's clever statement, the Bible has been more celebrated than known.

With the introduction into Europe of the arts of

paper-making and printing, books became cheap and numerous, and a large reading public was soon on the scene. Then it was that the Bible, under Protestant inspiration, was translated into the various modern languages and widely circulated. It is hard to see how the Reformation could have avoided smothering in the crib, and survived to hand down its spiritual power to subsequent centuries, without the materialities provided by the paper-making and printing arts.

It is possible to put one's finger on the very spot where all this began. General Bible reading among the English started with the printing of Miles Coverdale's Great Bible in 1540. By order of the government, copies of it were placed in all the churches, that all who wished might read. According to Bishop Bonner, the people hovered about the six copies in Saint Paul's even while the services were in progress, so that the preacher was hindered in the delivery of his sermon by Scripture verses with improvised commentary being shouted from all parts of the building. The reading of the Bible in the other churches in which it was installed was equally enthusiastic. We are told that in those days of fury, when Protestantism was getting under way with blood in its eye against the old church and profoundly conscious that the Bible was its Magna Charta, novels and tales were abandoned in favor of the Bible, that people in middle life learned to read in order to enjoy the Word, and even boys became Bible readers.

Coverdale's version quickly became the household Bible of those who could afford to buy it, but they of course were a small minority of the population. The need of the plain man was met by the smaller Geneva Bible, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, which eclipsed the Great Bible in popularity. After 1560 many editions were published, and no doubt there was considerable reading of it during the years when the Bible played so important a part in Protestant controversy with Catholics. In 1611 the King James version, still the common Bible of our churches and homes, was published in cheap forms and circulated everywhere. Soon many came to regard the private reading of the Bible as an essential of the Christian life.

Our widow could have passed a fine examination on the contents of the English Bible, but such as she have probably always been the few. Now and then writers in magazines amuse us with stories of the ignorance of the Bible exhibited by college students, but such ignorance on the part of the supposedly intelligent runs far back. The noted biblical scholar Hort wrote in a letter to his father from Cambridge in 1848,

Very few have been plucked as yet. . . . One of these *misfortunates* gave a somewhat singular answer in the Old Testament History; one of the questions, speaking of the plague of locusts in Egypt, asked, What became of the locusts? he answered, "John the Baptist ate them."

But ignorance of the Bible was probably never so

great as it is now. Not long ago a college graduate, a zealous champion of "the old-fashioned Bible," asked me where to find the story of Jonah and the whale. She had vainly searched through Genesis, where she thought it ought to be. This devout churchwoman is one of a large company. I once heard the head of a graduate department in a leading university, a scholar of international reputation, quote in a lecture the saying, "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required," as being from one of the books of Samuel. A brief questioning of any ordinary Christian on his knowledge of the Bible will provide evidence that it is a little known and far from popular book in this twentieth century.

I do not know how much real profit was derived by those who formed the habit of Bible reading nor is it possible to determine to what extent they were controlled by superstition, and how many of them had an attitude toward the Bible practically the same as that of the savage toward his fetish. We feel that when Hort wrote, "the fanaticism of the bibliolaters, among whom reading so many 'chapters' seems exactly to correspond to the Romish superstition of telling so many dozen beads on a rosary," he touched a real evil that grew up around the Bible. I have known those who thought that a failure to read the daily portion was one of the greatest of sins, and I recall a family in which it was felt that the safety of the house depended upon having a Bible on the table (though none of them

ever read it), and no other book was ever permitted to rest upon it.

The commonest public form of bibliolatry is the use of the Bible in the churches. There it is placed in bulky and impressive volume on a pulpit or lectern, in a sanctified atmosphere, and read from in a ministerial tone different from that in which other books are read. And most of what is thus read is as far from our life as if it referred to a distant planet. For many generations the Bible has been offered to the people in this way, through unnatural clouds of sanctity which obscured its real values from their view. Better would it be if we should have read to us in the churches extracts from all good literatures bearing upon the aspirations of man. But the most ridiculous form of bibliolatry is the swearing upon the Bible in our courts.

The ordinary person more or less unthinkingly falls in with the prevailing attitude, while a few become antagonistic to this foolish reverence and permit their hostility to extend to The Book itself. So now the Bible is seen by nearly all through dense clouds of prejudice. It seems that many books setting forth its human qualities must be written before any large number of people will be able to look straight into the soul of the Bible.

Where the adoration of the Bible, as though it were a very part of God, has produced one person of the type of the widow whose story begins this chapter, it has produced a thousand bigots and

fanatics. They read it through glasses which were made in antiquity, and they find in it the support which they seek for their outlandish religious ideas. The unattractive personalities of these bibliolaters have disgusted some and have set them against the Bible. The task of saving the Bible from its so-called friends on the one hand and from its avowed enemies on the other is so large that one wonders at his own audacity in undertaking it.

CHAPTER V

IN THE WHIRL OF REVOLUTION

WHEN printing came into use men knew no more of the structure of the universe and of things in general than did the magicians of Babylonia and Egypt and the founders of Greek philosophy. The earth was still thought of as the center of the universe about which the heavenly bodies moved and rain as coming down through holes in a metallic sky. In traveling over the land and in navigating the seas man was dependent upon carriages and ships driven by wind and oars not essentially better than those of millenniums before. Even if a sick man was able to call in the best doctor he was still at the mercy of one who knew no more about diagnosis and treatment than did those Old Testament physicians who caused kings to sleep with their fathers. In the seventeenth century Richard Baxter, on the advice of one of the most famous physicians, tried to cure his ailments by swallowing a golden bullet, and again by a prescription of moss from a dead man's skull. As late as a century ago food was cooked, fire was kindled, houses were lighted, water was brought very much as men had done these things in the far ages

of the past. The same superstitions that were rife in centuries long before Christ were still rampant until recently, and in the later as in the earlier period hordes of priests encouraged and capitalized them. In short, from Babylon and Egypt of 4500 B.C. to Europe of recent times man had made small progress in the knowledge of himself and the world about him.

Then within a brief period Columbus sailed far into the west, Magellan circumnavigated the globe, Gutenberg perfected the art of printing from movable type, and Galileo pointed his telescope at the stars. Since then man has made more progress in the discovery and use of things than in all the ages before. Hence this is a new age, this age of science, and its progress has made a greater difference in human living than did all else that took place in the affairs of men from the beginning of recorded history, excepting the development of the art of writing. And this scientific life of ours has but just begun. The thoughts of most of us do not yet run in the long paths of Galileo, Newton, Darwin and Einstein, and our living has not yet adjusted itself to the vast perspectives of science. Even such men as Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, each of whom in his own way did so much to promote the liberty of the mind, were amazingly blind to the work of the physical sciences and felt not the thrill of it. One used his blackjack upon it and the other regarded it with his cultured sneer. Carlyle's *Heroes* is incomplete

because it has no chapter on "The Hero as a Man of Science."

When the word science is heard the ordinary mind thinks of biology, chemistry, physics and other laboratory disciplines. Nothing is more important than these. But the thing has a wider range. There is, for instance, the science of history. The present approach to man's past career is as different from, and in its strivings for and presentation of what took place, as superior to the work of Herodotus and Livy as our astronomy and chemistry are different from and superior to astrology and alchemy. And there is a science of language. Our approach to the languages which men spoke in days gone by, and to those which they speak to-day, is as scientific as the modern study of the stars. The linguist collects every known specimen in his department and ransacks every nook and corner for more. He has discovered that there are laws of language, of which men have been unconscious, as inflexible and as stubborn as the laws known to the physical scientist. In our time scientific linguistic work, in conjunction with scientific archaeology and exploration, has resurrected from the earth the long buried records of Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt and other lands, has deciphered their languages and reduced them to grammar and lexicon.

A full indication of the wide range of scientific operations, in which men of many specialties find brotherhood in the rendering of service one to an-

other and to the world, would take us far out of the course we are steering in this book. Yet the matter is of great concern to us, in that the scientific outlook, inlook and uplook have compelled the abandonment of the view of the Bible held by our Protestant fathers from the time of the Reformation. It is important to remember that in spite of all that has been said of the Reformation as a move toward freedom its leaders were as thoroughly mediaeval in their theology as the leaders of the old church against which they revolted. In those times the scholar, whatever might have been his school, shut himself in his study and spun his intricately patterned web out of his own mind by a system of deduction fathered by Aristotle. As Dryden says,

The longest Tyranny that ever sway'd
Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd
Their free-born Reason to the Stagirite,
And made his Torch their Universal Light.

Luther, though he felt somewhat the error of traditional thinking and denounced Aristotle in his vigorous fashion, was as much a speculative reasoner as any of them. Men then and long afterwards used the Bible as a storehouse of suggestions and proof texts and read their own ideas into it without restraint.

From the Reformation until now the Bible, sponsored by the church, has functioned as the book of religion, the word of God, and men have not been

able to get away from that idea. Both those who pay homage to it and those who ridicule and denounce it are obsessed with the notion of the Bible as a holy book. It is to be recognized that the church, Jewish and Christian, was the collector, preserver and transmitter of the two Testaments, and that had the church not done this work, perhaps every book of the Bible would have been lost. In fact most of them could not have been written without the inspiration which their authors received from some sort of church activity. For this service we should be profoundly grateful; but from the day that the church first endorsed certain of these books as the word of God until the present time it has been the custodian of interpretation, and that has not been to the advantage of the Bible.

Some years ago Doctor Jacks pointed out in his *Hibbert Journal* that

the interpretation of the New Testament in this country (England) is, as to nine-tenths of it, in the hands of scholars who are either clerics or have clerical affiliations. This gives a certain bias to our scholarship which may be counted as an advantage or a disadvantage, according to the point of view.

Until recently there was practically no Bible study outside of church circles. Here in America there are a few universities in which free and independent work in this field is being carried on by scholars whose church connections or lack of them count for nothing. But the study of the Bible is confined in

the main to divinity schools or to institutions which are more or less under some hampering denominational patronage. Nearly all special students of it are clergymen or at least got their preliminary training in theological seminaries. In the case of the Bible there exists only a little of that free study which is exercised upon the classics and the sciences, and that is a bad thing for the Bible. Even when the churchman does not twist it in support of his tenets, he must have the utmost respect for the traditions of the sect to which he belongs. Thus the Bible has the hardest sort of time being brought into the open.

A different attitude appeared with the Renaissance, but was not able to carry itself through. In that great movement the Greek and Latin classics were brought to light and were studied with an enthusiasm equal perhaps to that with which science is now pursued. These classical disciplines came to be known as humanities, to distinguish them from the long dominant theology. In some quarters the humanities threatened to supplant theology, but the power of the church prevented this. It is a great pity that the Bible, which at this time came to be studied in the long neglected Hebrew and Greek in which it was written, did not fall under the domination of the humanists. Instead it became the Magna Charta of the reformed religion known as Protestantism, and the humanizing process was long delayed.

But the reformers, without intending to do so, released a spirit of liberalism which, in spite of desperate efforts of conservatives and reactionaries to stifle it, has lately gathered enormous force. Traditional beliefs have been shattered. Our theology has been dragged by the head around the walls of what was thought to have been its impregnable Troy by the stalwart young Achilles which we have called science, and its body left to the mockings of the profane. Since the critics have brought us face to face with the facts, we perceive difficulties and things hard to explain on every page of the Bible. Many people feel that none but specialists can understand the Bible, and are discouraged from reading it, especially since they see intelligent persons who have abandoned the "old-time religion" and feel no need of the Bible as a spiritual guide. Unquestionably this frame of mind is growing, to the alarm of some and the encouragement of others.

The old-fashioned Bible, along with all other inherited things, is now being tossed about in the flood. A great army of conservative church people are laboring mightily to construct an ark that will carry it safely through. Their labor is in vain. Those who call themselves modernists are trying to save the notion of inspired Scripture in some sort of shape for the mind of to-day. They are making apologies for the Bible and attempts more or less peculiar to straighten it out or to square it with modern science and criticism. During the past

twenty-five years enormous energy has been expended in "reconciling" the Bible with this thing and that. All this is a waste. It is worse than a waste; it has made it more difficult for the Bible to come to its own in modern life. It will come to its own when all persons of intelligence learn to read it without primary regard to its historical reliability and theological values; when they find in it no stumbling-blocks, no burdens upon faith, and no dogmas in need of defense.

None is in greater need of elementary instruction than those who apply to themselves such vague designations as "radical," "freethinker" and so forth. These, too, persist in treating the Bible as a document setting forth a religion with which our times must reckon. They delight in pointing out its contradictions and in scoffing at its scientific and historical blunders. Disciples of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll, whose biblical learning was zero, they approach the Bible in the same spirit as does the fundamentalist theologian. Indeed the fundamentalist and the freethinker are blood brothers, both consumed with emotionalism and a passion to convert somebody. Beclouded by prejudice and warped by partisanship, with no clearness of eye and with no honesty of judgment, both alike overhaul the Bible to find what suits their purposes. Of course what they severally bring forth does not stand up with those who have made a real study of the subject.

The Bible repays everyone who receives it upon its own terms as do Homer, Virgil and Shakespeare, with the most refined intellectual enjoyment. Humanity, with all its idealism and its imperfection, in great struggles to find and express the best things, prevails in the origin and composition of nearly every one of the books of the Bible. From the same standpoint of humanity all the gathering together of these books should be viewed, the ways in which the soul of man has clung to them as Holy Scripture, and all the doctrine and consolation that men have extracted from them. That is, the time has come to look upon the Bible as one of the great humanities. The dying out of the belief in its special inspiration is clearing the ground for the understanding of it. The Bible needs to be studied and interpreted by men who are no more interested in applying its religion to our needs than students of Shakespeare are interested in applying what he says of religion to our needs.

Here it may be objected that the Bible is made up of writings saturated with religion, while the religious content of Shakespeare is comparatively slight. But this difference does not matter so much. The King Arthur legends have plenty of religion, and Dante's epic and Milton's *Paradise Lost* are as religious as the most religious parts of the Bible. Yet we study these writings just as we study Shakespeare; we have no impulse to apply their religious notions to our times. We do not hesitate to say

that their notions are impossible and absurd, but this does not detract from the other values of these writings. What we need to see is that the religious content of much of the Bible is as inapplicable to our time as is the religious content of Milton.

I do not know of a better guiding statement for any endeavor to humanize The Book than that of Richard Rothe, made more than fifty years ago:

Let the Bible go forth into Christendom as it is in itself, as a book like other books, without allowing any dogmatic theory to assign it a reserved position in the ranks of books: let it accomplish what it can of itself through its own character and through that which each man can find in it for himself: and it will accomplish great things.*

* *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, art., "Inspiration."

CHAPTER VI

THE BOOK AS AUTHORITY

PSYCHOLOGISTS say that if a youngster is kept in too much dependence upon his parents he will never learn to be self-reliant and will be handicapped for life. The wise course in education, then, is to thrust the child out and encourage him to use his powers. But so far as I know no one has pointed out the vicious operations of this over-dependence in the religious life.

We have been trained to a state of absolute dependence, generation by generation, since the Christian church arose. For most of us religion could not exist if we did not have a visible religious authority over us. In the first days of Christianity this authority was the Jewish Bible, as we see from the frequent appeal to it in the New Testament. But a change, seen especially in the writings of Ignatius, occurred in the second century. Another authority, that of the church, asserted itself, and in time there was evolved the well-known Catholic doctrine that the church is the one and only infallible authority in religion, there being no salvation for any one except in obedience to its voice. This doctrine was not in-

tended to supplant that of the infallibility of holy Scripture, but the church taught that Scripture was too difficult to be understood by the plain man, who needed the church as an infallible interpreter. Thus Scripture was in fact subordinated to the church, and to this day the Catholic layman is urged to obey the priest rather than to read the Bible. Reading the Scripture is not felt to be a duty by the Catholic as by the Protestant.

Since long before the days of Christianity the Jewish church has stressed the authority of Scripture, that is, of what we know as the Old Testament. This idea was taken over by the Christian church, which immediately began to misinterpret the Old Testament as a collection of prophecies of the Christ, the Greek term for the Hebrew word Messiah. So far as we are able to infer from the scanty written records of the times immediately following those of the apostles, the idea of a New Testament did not arise until the latter half of the second century. We do not know in what quarter this idea originated, and we have but little information as to how the books that form our New Testament were collected and given currency as a word of God. But we know that from the end of the second century on, leaders of the church cite the New Testament along with the Old as Scripture.

We know that in those early days both Testaments were read in the church services, the Old Testament in the Jewish translation into Greek known

as the Septuagint. But we do not know to what extent the Scriptures were read by individuals or how much or little this was encouraged. Private reading must have been limited, since a great many people could not read, and since books, reproduced by hand copying, were expensive. But early in the Christian era Latin began to supersede Greek in the West, and translations of the Greek Bible into Latin came into use. In the fourth century Jerome, at the instigation of the Pope, made a new translation of the whole Bible into Latin. This, known as the Vulgate, became the one authoritative and inspired Bible of the Catholic church, and has so continued to the present time. The church would never have made it accessible to the people but for the fact that in the period following the Reformation, Catholics were reading vernacular versions put forth by Protestants. To counteract this there was put out a Catholic translation of the Vulgate into English, known as the Douay Version, but the laity has not been encouraged to read it, though recently it has been more stressed.

The Reformation was a defiance of the doctrine that the church is the supreme authority in religion, and a revolt against it. Luther and other reformers maintained vigorously that the one and only authority is the Scripture of the Old and New Testaments, inspired of God for the guidance of man. Thanks to the revival of learning, the Greek language and literature had been rediscovered, and the reformers

turned their attention also to Hebrew, which for centuries had been neglected, and those who used it persecuted, by the church. Since the Vulgate was seen to differ widely from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures the reformers repudiated it. They taught that as the Bible is the one deliverance of God to man it should be translated from the ancient languages and the people encouraged to read it. Luther set the pace with his great German Bible, and shortly afterwards appeared William Tyndale's New Testament in English, translated directly from the Greek.

The doctrine that the Bible is the one and only authority in religion has prevailed among Protestants from the Reformation to the present time, at least theoretically. In practice some Protestant sects have never detached themselves from the old idea of the authority of the church. To an outsider their notion of the relationship between the two authorities seems vague. Many Protestant bodies long ago adopted creeds, while others that boast of having no creed are tied to unwritten tradition which binds Bible interpretation as effectively as creeds. Thus the Bible is subordinated to the church. For instance, a clergyman of one of these churches must interpret the Bible in terms of a divine Christ and a Holy Trinity, doctrines that grew up in Christian circles and were written into all the creeds. If he refuses to do so he is considered a heretic. It becomes apparent to anyone who looks into the matter

-

that the statement often encountered in books, that the reformers and their successors stood for the right of private judgment, is incorrect. They were as stout in their opposition to private judgment as was the old church.

There have always been a few individuals and small groups who have maintained in one way or another that neither to church nor to book has the Almighty delegated authority over the soul of man, but that every spirit of man stands face to face with the spirit of the Universe. The Society of Friends have taught this very impressively with their doctrine of the inner light, and their teaching has been justified by the type of life they have produced. Such groups have generally been opposed and persecuted by the orthodox until recent times, and so slight has been their influence upon the religious outlook, that the ordinary person would be spiritually as helpless and frightened as a child in a strange place without his mother, if church and book were taken from him. He has never had the experience of independence and is unable to trust his own spirit. This is as true of multitudes of people who never go to church and who never concern themselves with religion as it is of the most loyal members of the church and the most faithful readers of the Bible. Some of the most intense and violent defenders of Church and Book as inspired agencies of God are among those who never attend the one or read the other. These persons seem to feel that God's Church

and Book are there for them to turn to, whenever the need may arise, though they are in the profoundest ignorance of the history of both and have no interest in such matters.

The church does not come within the scope of this book. We dismiss it with the observation that it started as a purely human enterprise and has ever been as thoroughly human as any other organization and no more divine. The reading of a good church history should convince anyone of this.

As for the Bible, it too is as purely human as any book that was ever given to the world. But it is not a book, except in the sense that it is all bound up in a single volume. The Old Testament is a collection of writings produced at different times over a period of centuries and under a wide range of circumstances in the history of the Jewish people. It was written by men of various gifts and diverse points of view. Except for a few short pieces, notably the Song of Songs, nearly all of it is concerned with what we call religion, that is with God's dealings with the Jews and their proper relations with him. Occasionally a writer looks beyond the bounds of Judaism and takes a universal view of humanity, the best examples being the second half of Isaiah and the book of Jonah.

One also perceives that in religion the Old Testament is far from exhibiting unity or even consistent development. Some books on the Bible written by men who profess a liberal outlook convey the im-

pression that it shows religious progress along a line which is quite clear though perhaps not always straight, from the beginning to the end. But this is far from corresponding to the facts. The Old Testament presents a number of religions. About the only thing which they all have in common is the recognition of Yahweh (Jehovah) or God; and even this statement must be qualified, for at the beginning Yahweh and God were not the same. Down to the time of Moses, as the records state, Yahweh was unknown to Israel. He was revealed to Moses for the first time, and it was then that Yahweh was identified with the God of the preceding tradition. There is also clear evidence that in the earlier days of Israel's history Yahweh was thought of as the God of Israel only, and was conceived as a brutal deity who would have his people slaughter even the women and children of all who were opposed to them. He was not the God of the whole earth. The gods of Egypt, Babylonia and other lands were thought of as having full jurisdiction over their own peoples and territories just as Yahweh had jurisdiction over Israel.

The religion that is reflected in Genesis, Judges and the books of Samuel is a primitive and simple affair, in which every man is his own priest on occasion and at liberty to erect an altar and make a sacrifice almost anywhere. The Book of Deuteronomy, written in later times, expressly does away with this "every man for himself" business and concen-

trates all sacrifice in the hands of professional priests and in one locality. The still later writing known as the Priestly Code, to which most of Leviticus and much of Numbers belong and which came into use after the Babylonian captivity, in turn repudiates the religious practice of Deuteronomy and substitutes another that is far more elaborate. In a way all this is a development along the line of ritualistic high churchmanship and in the interest of a professional priesthood. But when we look into the writings of certain great prophets, notably the first chapter of Isaiah, we find the development rudely broken into and assaulted with rough hands. These men reduce religion to the practice of the right life, which in their estimation is the only will of the Lord for man and is the only thing that matters. This point of view is strongly expressed by the prophet Micah in the challenging question-statement which follows his vigorous denunciation of all ritualistic religion, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?" This idea also dominates many of the psalms. A somewhat different expression of it, and a very impressive one, is met with in what is known as the wisdom literature, of which the book of Proverbs is an outstanding representative.

The Old Testament contains the expressions of a number of different and conflicting types of religion, as far from each other as are Catholicism, Presbyterianism and Unitarianism in our time. And these

did not develop one out of another, as higher from lower, after the manner of a well ordered progressive evolution. On the contrary some of them existed side by side for centuries. Nor did the higher finally prevail over the lower, for at the opening of the Christian era the fine and simple religion of the right life advocated by the prophets had been overcome by ritualism, the old priestly religion, and legalism, the religion of Scribes and Pharisees which got under way after the close of the Old Testament period.

No sooner had Christianity separated itself from Judaism than it began to teach its adherents to interpret almost everything in the Old Testament in terms of prophecy of the Christ to come. This is done already in the New Testament, notably in the Gospel of Matthew, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and Paul's writings. This perversion of the Old Testament has been diligently practiced by nearly all branches of the Christian church to our own time and prevails in all the systems of theology which have been worked out under Christian auspices. No book ever had a more monstrous crime committed against it. There is nothing in the Old Testament that may rightly be regarded as a prophecy of a supernatural Messiah of the Christian sort, and no one is in a position to understand its writings correctly until he gets rid of this false notion.

Jesus, so far as we can make out from the very scant records of his work and teaching in the first three gospels, tried to do pretty much what the Old

Testament prophets had done. We must liberally discount these gospels as accurate records of what Jesus said and did. The earliest of them, that of Mark, was not written until Jesus had been dead forty or fifty years, as is now recognized by nearly all competent students of the subject. These gospels contradict each other in important matters, and they obviously idealize their hero. It is important to remember that none of them was written until after Paul had done his work and Christianity was spreading far in the consciousness of a world mission. The Fourth Gospel is full of rich mysticism and theology, the author using Jesus as a mouthpiece for his own ideas. It was produced around the close of the first century, hence was one of the last books of the New Testament to be written.

These contradictions in the Bible were perceived by Jews before the Christian era, and all along by Christian students. The Catholic church dealt with them by setting the church above the Bible and by allegorical interpretation. But when the reformers revolted from the church and left only the Bible in authority, its contradictions became embarrassing. With characteristic boldness, Luther, when he discovered that James was against his favorite doctrine of justification by faith, which he got from Paul, repudiated it as an epistle of straw. Different groups of Protestants got different things out of the Bible, each according to its own bias. Hence sects began to appear, each buttressing itself upon an inspired

Bible, and the number of these has steadily increased. Even the Mormons, if the Bible is to be taken as the word of God, had full justification in the examples of Abraham and David for their many wives. In short, anybody can get anything out of the Bible, and all sorts of things have been got out of it.

If one takes the Bible as the word of God he is puzzled by the frequency with which it makes God change his mind and mortified by the traits he is sometimes made to exhibit. The Old Testament frequently portrays a God who commissions his chosen people to march in and possess themselves of lands and property to which they have no right. He is represented as commanding them to slaughter women and children and other innocent victims. The worship he demands is burning butchered animals and other barbaric rites, which elsewhere in the Bible itself are denounced as iniquitous.

And many a time during the Christian centuries the church, Catholic and Protestant alike, taking all this to be the inspired message of God to his people, has perpetrated like brutalities upon heretics and others and made fair lands to swim with blood. I think of no blunder in history that has been so costly, that has stimulated so much organized crime and so much destruction of fine human impulse, as the adoption of certain old Jewish writings as God's marching orders for his people. This worship of the Bible has held the mind of the West chained to the

past, and has caused bigotry and intolerance to flourish. It has been pregnant with hideousness and stupidity. As soon as any notion of supernatural inspiration is attached to the Bible, to the Old Testament or to the New, it is denatured and stultified and becomes a mass of chaos and nonsense.

The Bible is colossal, but it has all the earmarks of a purely human enterprise. For the most part the men who made it, judging them by the times in which they lived, were men of genius, true seekers after light. They were eminently honest in putting down things as they saw them, and they had a rare gift for words. But as for religion, a matter to which we shall return later, we must get ours in the same way and from the same source as did the men who wrote the Bible, or go without it. No man can participate in religion merely by reading of what others attained thousands of years ago. Each must acquire it for himself, if he acquires it at all, from the lowest foundation to the topmost point. Each person has been given the raw materials and the gifts to use them, and between his spirit and that of the universe is neither book nor church to give him orders.

CHAPTER VII

THE BOOK MAKES A HERETIC

As my study of the Bible went on I perceived that I was exploring a country far more expansive than any upon the map. Ostensibly it was a most quiet pursuit, one carried on with dingy old books in the retreats of libraries. Active friends looked upon me as having cut myself off from the world of affairs, as having gone into retirement like a monk of the Middle Ages. Some of the clergy told me, and still tell me, that in giving so much time to the Bible I am old-fashioned and out of date. I am advised to concentrate upon social problems, psychology, religious education, or something that is concerned with the life of the present day. But the essentials of all these disciplines that are supposed to be modern, though they hark back to Plato, Aristotle and Quintilian, must be reckoned with in the study of the Bible. Whether or not the Bible must be reckoned with in the study of them I do not know. In this Bible study one never knows what may be encountered. He must be prepared to reckon with anything.

I can testify that the Bible is the one great influence that has liberated my spirit and set me in large

places. This is the bearing of the two or three preceding chapters upon my career.

In spite of the contrary notion of my friends the Bible is one of the liveliest and most significant of issues. Nearly all the religious controversy of the present time hinges upon the question, What is the Bible? Fundamentalists say it is the word of God from cover to cover; modernists, as they call themselves, have toned down that doctrine, indeed appear to be trying to reject it. We may look for no settlement of the controversy until the question, "What is the Bible?" is answered intelligently and in a way that will carry conviction, and such an answer can come only from persons who have given years of their time to the thorough study of it. A book or article on the Bible, whether conservative or radical, by a person who is ignorant of its languages and who is unable to understand the highly technical work of biblical scholarship, may safely be ignored. And here may be mentioned what would perhaps contribute more than anything else to a general understanding of the Bible by the common run of intelligent people. We are well equipped with highly trained biblical scholars who write books on the Bible so technical that only those with like equipment can understand them. But the person worthy to be ranked with them in scholarship and who at the same time has the gift and the call to popularize his knowledge, clothing it in a literary style worthy of the subject, may be said to be almost non-

existent. Most of the popular books on the Bible are rubbish.

When I first started out I did not perceive that the Bible was destined to involve me in a good deal of adventure in the usual sense of the term. At the time when I, as a boyish Presbyterian minister, was putting myself in the ridiculous position of spiritual guide to people who had danced to the rough music of life and were old enough to be my grandparents, a group of the ablest biblical scholars had not a great time before been expelled from the ministry of my denomination or been compelled to leave it. These were George Foot Moore, Charles Augustus Briggs, Arthur Cushman McGiffert, and Henry Preserved Smith, and they were still being held up as archheretics. Thus the Presbyterian church had put itself on record as the enemy of modern biblical study, bringing to bear all the power of its close organization to prevent such study in its seminaries and by its ministers. It proceeded to force out of the denomination the only progressive and the most learned seminary it had, The Union Theological Seminary of New York, which became an independent and undenominational institution.

Almost as soon as I had put myself under the leadership of Robertson Smith my sympathy was with the heretics. I knew that they were in a state of knowledge and that the great crowd that opposed them were in the state of ignorance, prejudice and folly. After that I had a fellow feeling for every

heretic who was hauled up before a church court. From my personal contacts I knew that the rank and file of Presbyterian ministers had thrown overboard all their Hebrew and Greek as soon as they had left the seminary and were in densest ignorance of the Bible, and I had no doubt that the same was true of the clergy of all other denominations. During the years that I was a Presbyterian minister I never came across but one clergyman who made any pretense to a scholarly knowledge of the Bible. He was a Catholic priest, with whom I read the Hebrew Old Testament for an hour a week over quite a period.

The Bible compelled me to discard much that I had been taught and to reorganize my intellectual life. I found myself importing ideas from all quarters by a policy of absolute free trade, and before long I was giving expression to my new ideas and was openly taking the side of all heretics and all men who were trying to know. I then became aware that some of my influential colleagues, whose scholarship was nothing and whose intellects were among the laziest I have encountered, were pointing me out as a dangerous man. It was evident that I would be blocked in any effort I might make to advance myself. I should not have minded this had it been out in the open, had these men laid their cards on the table. I was not eager for a fight, but being young and aware of their ignorance I was not afraid to fight them. But my sense of honor was outraged by their underhanded, secret and slippery methods.

To my mind, in spite of the fact that their ecclesiastical standing was assured, these were the real heretics, not those who were using hard and honestly the minds that Almighty God had given them. As time went on I revealed some of my doubts to certain of my fellow ministers who advised me to keep my unorthodox opinions to myself, and who thought to encourage me by telling me that there was not a "sound" man among the abler ministers of the church. My contempt for these apostles of expediency and sham, with their counsel of "Be at ease in Zion," was even greater than for those of the first class. My faith in the integrity of the ministers of my denomination was shaken, and this was an important factor in my leaving the ministry for the university. But as I see it now, I went too far in judging all by the conduct of a few.

During those days when I was a suspect I was engaged to conduct four services for an important Presbyterian church whose minister was sick. A fine old gentleman, the leading elder of the church, had to tell me at the end of my second service that I was preaching doctrine that was not acceptable to the congregation and that it was thought best that some one else should have the two services that remained. It was clear that a painful task had been laid upon him, and I was very sorry for him. Within a day or two I received a check for the two services I had conducted. I returned the check with a letter in which I stated that I would not receive compensa-

tion for service that was not acceptable. The check was returned to me with a letter insisting that I accept it. The thing passed to and fro several times, and then I returned it with the declaration that if it came to me again I would destroy it. It did come and was destroyed.

Through all I was fortified by my Bible studies. I felt that I had with me the spirit of the old prophets whose work and message I had labored to understand. They too had fought for liberalism. I felt that I had with me the spirit of Jesus, who had so boldly withstood the orthodox forces of his day. And I found in Paul a statement that dominated my endeavor, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

As my work in the university went on, I perceived that the Bible had so completely knocked my theology to pieces that I could not honorably continue in the Presbyterian ministry unless I made known my views with regard to the Bible and theological dogmas, so I wrote out a brief statement of my position and submitted it to my presbytery. I had to leave the ministry of the Presbyterian church, every vote being cast against me, as I well knew I should have to do. It was my right under the constitution of that church to put up a fight by defending myself publicly and by appealing my case from one court to another, as Robertson Smith and some of the American heretics, all far greater than I, had done. But I had no taste for that sort of thing, and I knew

that I should lose out in every battle that I fought. The desire to lead a cause and to persuade other people to accept my views was absent from me. I felt no call to try to educate the public by sacrificing myself. All I wanted was liberty to do my own studying and think my own thoughts. I accepted the verdict of my presbytery, with thanks to the Almighty that there was plenty of room for me to operate outside the restricted pale of the Presbyterian church.

The revealing of my state of mind automatically closed against me the door to careers outside of the ministry I might otherwise have had. With "Heric" stamped upon me I was barred from professorships in colleges and divinity schools in which I was known or where I knew people who might have spoken the necessary word for me had I been orthodox. There I was with some equipment for teaching a subject and with a lively ambition to pursue my studies, but no position was open to me. That to which I had given myself so generously had apparently killed me. I might have hung on at the Johns Hopkins, where heresy was a matter of no significance, but the staff of my department was already full and I should probably have toiled for years on a pittance and without chance for promotion. And then, too, teaching did not appeal to me, and only desperation would have driven me into a professorship. For this reason I did not much care that the church had made me impossible for the colleges,

though this did not alleviate my feeling of disgust. I was a bit envious of workers all around me in other departments whose ambitions were spurred by the fact that the more they put themselves in mastery of their subjects the higher they would rise, over whom was no organization with burning-irons to brand "Heretic" upon every man who was trying to live scholarship's virtuous life.

For a time it looked as if the Bible would send me to the poorhouse before it was through with me. Yet I never felt that I was being persecuted or martyred. No doubt this was because I have never been able to get up any interest in martyrs, and at that time had a very low opinion of them. I should have gone a thousand miles to avoid being made one of them. Indeed my predicament struck me as being amusing. I was surprised that I was not harassed by worry.

But I did have considerable pain when I was forced to take advantage of a fine opportunity that came my way to sell off part of my library of books on the Bible and Oriental subjects in order to buy food, clothes and other materialities. I admired Jesus for banishing the devil with the statement, "Man shall not live by bread alone," but when I tried to use this teaching of the Bible in my effort to hold on to the books that the Bible had compelled me to buy, it did not work. It did not prevent the grocer's and butcher's bills from coming at the end of the month nor provide me with the money to pay

them. I found that if a man does not live by bread he cannot live at all. So books went and I managed to keep out of debt.

In those days of looking around for a decent means of livelihood I resorted to methods that were entirely new to me. I got the idea from a very brilliant student who thus worked his way through the university. I wrote short stories. I sold some of them; many of them I did not sell. One of them drew a prize from a well-known magazine. Most of those that were published were under pen names. I remember that the editor of a flourishing monthly wrote me that it would be useless to send him any more of my stuff, as I could never make a writer. I changed the title of the story and also the pen name, sent the thing back to him, and in a few days received acceptance and a liberal check. The story was utter trash. The whole business was a bore and a drudgery, and I felt degraded by it. Thus the Bible drove me into queer experiences.

Friends whom I thought would stand by me through thick and thin dropped from me like leaves from a tree when the cold blasts strike it. Some of these I have never heard of since. I found that there was a barrier between me and some who had been close to me. They wondered what sort of queer twist was in me; and some of them seemed to be ashamed, as though I had brought reproach upon the good name of the family. I have never since revisited the scenes of my early life, not caring to subject myself

to the pain of trying to avoid the questions of persons who have no sympathy with me and no capacity to understand me and are yet curious as to my notions of things. I have had this experience in my first parish on the few occasions when I have had to go back there. So I was forced to make new friends and new connections in quarters that had been entirely strange to me. But in all this there was a saving element of the first magnitude; my wife stood by me through thick and thin, and we marched on together.

I do not know what further adventures the Bible will plunge me into. But I am sure that it is not through with me yet. A great life is this with the Bible. It keeps one moving.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOOK AND THE CLERGY

A CLERGYMAN in middle life who has been out of touch with divinity schools would be amazed to find the changes that have come about in his Alma Mater since his day. He was drilled in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and probably became so weary of these dead and difficult languages that he proceeded to forget what little he knew of them as soon as he received his diploma. Now his son goes through the same divinity school, graduates with honors, and does not know one Hebrew or Greek letter from another. Only a few of the very conservative of these training schools for the ministry hold to the old-fashioned curriculum. Every divinity school that is worth anything maintains professorships in the biblical languages, but comparatively few students, even in the best schools, avail themselves of the opportunity to know the Greek New Testament and still fewer the Hebrew Old Testament.

There is no occasion to deplore these changes. As has been pointed out, of the students of former years who were driven through Greek and Hebrew nearly all forgot what they had learned. It is a

waste of time to learn in college or elsewhere something that will not be used in later life. Moreover, it is better for the Bible that it be left to the profane universities where the atmosphere is free of ecclesiastical dust and the winds of doctrine. This transfer from divinity school to university is real progress. I hope that divinity schools will continue to unload it. As for what they should substitute for the Bible, I know nothing and care less.

Here we meet with a curious and amusing situation of which I have taken notice in other published writings of mine. I do not know to what extent I may repeat myself, as I have not looked up these writings. Most of the clergy, outwardly at least, still hold to the fundamental Protestant doctrine that the Bible is the word of God and the authority in religion, different from and above all other books. The clergy in the so-called evangelical churches who have publicly declared from their pulpits that they regard the Old and New Testaments as purely human documents are so few in number as to be negligible, though I am persuaded that a respectable number believe just that in their hearts. But the majority honestly believe and preach that the Bible is the word of God. What I have often wondered is why the fundamentalist preachers and other conservatives fail to stress the importance of knowing the word of God in the languages in which God chose to record it. One would think that the man who believes in the divine inspiration of Scripture would

give himself unremittingly to the toilsome labors necessary to full mastery of the Hebrew and Greek tongues. Surely he should not abandon the study of these holy languages to university professors with their higher and other criticisms whom he often denounces as heretics and infidels. When I was a student under Haupt he would amuse us sometimes by reading to us the denunciatory letters he received from clergymen whose knowledge of the Bible was restricted to the King James version, a translation made more than three hundred years ago, when what was known of the ancient languages was insignificant compared with present knowledge. With due respect to it as English literature, this old version, which is the Scripture most used in our churches, is full of all sorts of errors. One may put a few searching questions to any clergyman of his acquaintance and find out how much he really knows of the book which he sets up as an authority.

The matter becomes serious when we consider that the only available medium through which knowledge of the Bible may be given to the public is the church. If the clergyman does not have a working knowledge of its languages he is not only unable to understand it but he cannot use the books on it by competent students, which presuppose knowledge of Hebrew and Greek on the part of the reader. The best he can do is to use popular commentaries, many of which are atrocious. Hence it comes that the churchgoing public is in densest ignorance of what

the Bible really is, is bitterly prejudiced against criticism, of the operations of which it has no conception, and is antagonistic to real Bible study. Such is the crime against both people and Bible that the clergy of the Protestant churches have committed. The situation would be quite different if the churches had possessed a body of clergymen trained in biblical learning and in sympathy with it to teach the people what the Bible is.

As matters stand only a few small unorthodox denominations, such as the Unitarian, give their clergy liberty to teach their congregations that the Bible is in no sense the word of God. These clergy take full advantage of their position to point out the absurdities of the Protestant doctrine of inspiration, but the other and more important part of their opportunity, leading the movement for a true appreciation of the Bible, they have too often not only failed to use but rankly abused. Some of them make a practice of ridiculing the Bible in a manner that is vulgar, uncouth and sensational. In this they have convinced many that they do not possess the high order of intelligence that is sometimes claimed for them and are deficient both in knowledge and in refinement. Since these men reject every theory of the supernatural inspiration of the Bible they feel relieved of all obligation to study it either in the original languages or in English, hence of all clergy their ignorance of it is the most thorough. The chief ridicule that has been heaped upon me for

studying the Bible has come from certain of these so-called liberal ministers.

The duty of knowing the Bible is just as binding, though not so solemn, upon those who repudiate its inspiration as Scripture as it is upon those who maintain that it is the word of God. This obligation resides in the fact that the Bible is here with us, as deeply planted as ever in our religious life. Its worship by the church has been a large factor in alienating thinking people, yet these same people might be induced to have an interest in a presentation of the Bible by men who know it. When ministers who call themselves liberal assail the Bible on the score of the numerous contradictions it contains, the numerous immoral practices it sets forth, the conflicts with science and history that occur in it with such frequency, we feel that they have more venom than knowledge. They say too much. All literature down to very recent times—including the immortal works of the Greeks and Romans, Dante, Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton—abounds in historical and scientific error and often in moral error. Is all this literature to be rejected on that account? Why single out the Bible for rejection? The Bible is a collection of writings produced among the Jews of ancient times and in the early Christian church, thrown together and bound up into one book. If such a collection were made of the literature of any people, ancient or modern, it would bristle with contradiction and conflict just as the Bible

does. These alleged shortcomings have no real importance.

When we find men who call themselves liberal putting to Mr. Bryan on the witness stand in behalf of the Bible such a question as, "Where did Cain get his wife?" we feel that Mr. Bryan even in his palmiest days never perpetrated a greater monkey shine.

So we have worship of the Bible by the orthodox, ridicule of it by the liberals, and ignorance of it on all hands, while the intelligent presentation and acceptance of its case seems not to be in sight.

CHAPTER IX

PERMANENT VALUES OF THE BIBLE—AS LITERATURE

It is not possible to tell whether the books that make up the Bible would have survived to our time had they not been taken up by the church, but had they been allowed to make their way unaided. But some things on the subject we do know. No book of the Bible, with the possible exception of Revelation, was written with any thought or intention on the author's part that it would be regarded as a message from God. Nearly every book of the Old Testament is composite, showing the work of different hands in different generations. In the case of some this evolution has been so long and complex that our best modern criticism cannot entirely untangle the component parts. All of these books had been in existence long before they were given a place in the Scriptures. The same is true of the New Testament writings. They would not have lived on had not men felt their power, and church authorities would not have singled them out of all extant literature and conferred upon them such distinction had they not judged them to be above the

ordinary. Of course their judgment may have been defective in some cases, as human judgment has ever been.

After one has discarded the doctrine of special inspiration of the Bible is he able to find any real value in these writings? I shall answer the question by trying to point out the values that I have found in the Bible, by reason of which I continue to be a student of it.

There is first the literary value. Here a few parts of the Bible may be eliminated from consideration. If the last part of Exodus, most of Leviticus, a goodly part of Numbers, sections of Ezekiel, and those parts of Chronicles not borrowed from Samuel and Kings were preserved for their literary value, then, we must admit, taste in literature was defective. Nearly all the rest of the Bible has ever impressed me as belonging to that comparatively small body of universal literature which transcends time and place, which is ever fresh and always new because saturated with the essentials of humanity. This was why the Bible caught me when I was a child, and with maturer study has come the conviction that no other conglomerate of literature ever assembled between a single pair of covers has possessed such power. The unknown men who assembled the two Testaments, leaving behind them no record of their operations, were possessed of uncanny powers of appreciation.

The Bible opens with a myth of creation. This is

immediately followed by a conflicting myth of an entirely different cycle, concerned chiefly with the first man and woman. In the gospels of Matthew and Luke, in like manner, we have two conflicting myths from different cycles having to do with the birth of Jesus. A myth is a product of primitive imagination working with the mysteries of the origin of things and attempting to give a consistent account of them. In the days before science it was the only sort of account that could well be given. Even in this scientific age the myth makers are still busy in much of our ephemeral poetry. I have just read an ultramodern poem in which the snow is pictured as feathers shed by horrid birds of fate soaring over a bleak and suffering world. That is myth. But this modern myth has not the staying power of that of the ancient Greeks and Jews. It is soon forgotten, whereas the old myths, so impossible in the light of science and yet so convincing, stay on, variously influencing the successive generations of men, inspiring their manifold art, and inducing some to spend their lives producing dull commentaries on them.

God himself is a myth, and so is all that the Bible says of his operations. That is, God is not something got at through observation or any process that leads to knowledge in the scientific sense. The God of the Bible was posited by the Jews, who no doubt borrowed from earlier peoples, to account for things and men, and was fashioned quite in the

image of a Jewish patriarch. All that the Bible tells of his doings is mythical. Most of it is cast in beautiful and powerful form, and it has laid fast hold of the mind and soul of generations of people far removed from the eastern environment that gave it birth. It is in striking contrast with the dull and dreary type of myth produced in the west and known to us as theology. Here too is power of a kind, else the thing would not have lived so long, but in it is no beauty and no poetry. How barren are Augustine and Calvin after Genesis and Luke. A piece of myth written within Christian times that is comparable with the Bible is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a unique welding of the biblical and theological types.

Legend, which is often confused with myth, is concerned with actual men rather than with supernatural or fanciful characters. Often, and in the Bible generally, it is blended with myth, as when men are said to act thus and so at the dictation of God or to have relations of some sort with him. Sometimes it is not possible to determine whether a narrative is myth or legend. The story of the flood, for instance, may have originated in some great actual devastation by water. If so it is a legendary expansion of a real occurrence, in which a good deal of God-myth has been incorporated. On the other hand, the whole thing may have been imagined, in which case it is pure myth. Legend always grows up around a real man or happenings, and so con-

tains an important nucleus of fact. And however luxuriantly it may flourish, however far it may stray from actual experience, it has a remarkable way of being true to the personality with whom or the event with which it is concerned. The Bible in both Testaments abounds in legend.

Most of the narrative of the Bible is a blend of myth, legend, and actual happening, just as are the writings of Homer, Herodotus and Livy, and others of the pagan classics. Ancient writers were more concerned to make a narrative interesting than to make it historically accurate, hence they worked in whatever came under their notice that seemed to suit their purpose. Our distinctions between myth, legend, history and biography were unknown to them. The author of the first chapter of Genesis and the author of the birth story of Jesus in Luke may have known as well as we do that they were recording things that had never happened. Probably it did not occur to them to inquire as to their actual happening. They heard or read them, their imaginations were caught by them, and they worked them into what they wrote. Thus all great poetry and all great literature was written, down to recent times. To appreciate the Bible, I repeat, we must learn to read it as we read Dante, the King Arthur Legends, Shakespeare, Milton.

Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth, Noah seem to have been purely imaginary persons. When we come to Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob and his sons we are

uncertain; we do not know whether these were real persons, names of tribes, or something else. This is a matter of no consequence so far as the literary value of the narrative is concerned. In any case we have here stories that are among the greatest ever written, sure and true in their representations of human characters, scenes, and events. When we come to Moses we are upon surer ground. Here we have a real historical character, and one of the great organizers and leaders of men. He led certain Israelites out of Egypt, launched a new religion in the wilderness, and laid the foundations of the religion which we profess to-day. The actual things that this great man did, legends that grew up about him in later times, and myths that were fastened to him are so welded together in the narrative that often it is not possible to distinguish them. Laws that grew up at a much later period, after Israel had established itself in Canaan, were sanctified by ascription to Moses, so powerfully did this colossal personality project itself into the centuries. As in the case of Genesis, so in those later books in which Moses is the central figure we are able to separate with sureness several different cycles or sagas produced in different times. These were afterwards blended by degrees, and so the books as we have them were produced. Naturally much with which Moses had nothing to do is attributed to him.

The story of the finding of the infant Moses by the daughter of the Pharaoh is as tender and moving

a tale of childhood as was ever written, equaled perhaps by that of the child Samuel, but not often in later literature. The account of the call of Moses amid the awesome surroundings of the desert, where men have their visions and dream their dreams, of the burning bush, of the breaking down by the God revealed to him of every excuse for not assuming leadership—all this is work as powerful as was ever produced in the name of literary art. No less so is the sequel—the return to Egypt, the conflict with the Pharaoh, the plagues, the victory and the flight, concluding with that great ode of triumph led by Sister Miriam on the farther shore of the overwhelming sea.

I enjoy that little code of laws in the twenty-first and following chapters of Exodus. There it lies, revealing humanity's effort in a barbaric age to use its wings and release itself to the ideal, reflecting old folkways and trying to elevate them, feeling out after a real neighborliness. Most of its material is taken up into the later book, Deuteronomy, which is mainly concerned with law that God is said to have given for his people. Parts of this book are too verbose, too garrulous, as if written by old men. So at least it seems to me. But it is a great book, warm and human, spiritual and mystical, in spite of its savage attitude toward Israel's enemies. It draws to a close with those two great poems, the Song of Moses and the Blessing of Moses, and ends with that tremendous little story of the death of Moses upon

the mountain, at the gateway of the land toward which he had toiled but which he was not to enter. Young Joshua is down in the plain, not yet ready for mountain tops but beginning to qualify. Thus the old man passes from the scene, "his eye not dim nor his natural force abated." He is satisfied that his successor will prove worthy, for "Joshua was full of the spirit of wisdom, for Moses had laid his hands upon him." Even Homer has nothing greater than this old Jewish story and is not equal to it in variety.

Thus from Sinai to Nebo the thing moves, rough-hewn unharmonized epic, gigantic and beautiful like mountain crags clothed somewhat with wild growth and with seas beating against them, reflecting all colors and shades, rich, warm, dark, grim, majestic, awful, and yet serene and most sincere. There is variety, contrast, but no discord. It is all like a kind of grand and sublime music of the universe, in which are many instruments all in tune, and a wondrously satisfying harmony in the whole.

In the subsequent narrative books the variety and the power are maintained. Joshua and Judges—composite books made up of blended myth, legend and fact—abound in stories of the first order. In Joshua we read of Rahab and the fall of Jericho, and of the trick of the Gibeonites, the latter almost as humorous as the story of the two smart tricksters Jacob and Laban in Genesis. In Judges is the story of Deborah and Barak and alongside of it a different

version of the event in that powerful and stirring Song of Deborah. Better stories were never told than those of Gideon sorting out his few trim and ready men, of Jephthah driven by his vow to sacrifice the daughter whom he loved, of the rowdy Samson with his amusing and tragic exploits. And to cap them all is the charming story of Ruth.

The two books of Samuel, also made up of material from different and sometimes conflicting cycles, perhaps contain more actual fact than any book that goes before. Here is another great literary enterprise that is epic. It would be hard to find anywhere a greater narrative. Eli, Samuel, Saul, David, Goliath, the witch of Endor, around whom is written one of the best stories of the supernatural, Jonathan the true friend, Joab, Uriah, Bathsheba, Nathan, Absalom and other characters are depicted and played up against each other with a sureness of touch, technique, and fidelity never surpassed. Scenes and events are handled with the utmost sincerity and with graphic power. And here, as is generally the case in the Bible, all this is accomplished with the fewest words. Where we need six or ten thousand words to tell a story, those old writers did it better with a few hundred. Sometimes our boasted speed and efficiency break down. The books of Kings contain much that is equal to Samuel, but as a whole they are not quite up to its level. The stories in Daniel are as good as any in the Old Testament.

The narrative books of the Old Testament are sprinkled with poems, some of them fragments of only a few lines, others of considerable length. Unfortunately these are printed as prose in the King James version, which was made at a time when scholars knew nothing of the differences between Hebrew prose and poetry, but in the more recent translations their poetic rights are respected and they are presented in verse form. Besides the poems already mentioned, we have here the oracles of Balaam, the dirge of David over Saul and Jonathan slain on the heights of Gilboa, and others just as notable, all of them belonging to the world's greatest poetry.

The prophetic writings are for the most part in poetic form, and these constitute another treasury of great poetry. One of the serious defects of the King James and also of the Revised Version is that this is ignored and these writings are represented as prose. Here, as in the narrative books, we have master craftsmanship with words, vivacity, horror, tenderness, tragedy, at times even comedy, as the occasion requires, and with it all an idealism such as pervades no other ancient literature. Among the ancients only the Greeks could match the Hebrews in such literary artistry.

All that I have said of the prophets is true of the Psalms. Our book thus entitled came to its own by a long growth. As lyrics of the manifold experiences of the spirit of man with the spirit of the uni-

verse the psalms are unique. The twenty-third is the classic of that attitude that we call simple faith. The reactions of a reflective mind before the baffling mysteries of the universe—mysteries which are even greater in this age of science than in those old days—never had such expression as in the eighth and nineteenth. The sense of personal deficiency never found such utterance as in the fifty-first. The ninetyeth lays out with perfect feeling and art the relation of frail and fleeting man to the eternal spirit. I do not know a statement of the idea of God elsewhere that is up to that of the one hundred and fourth unless it be that of the one hundred and thirty-ninth. No other literature has produced religious material so original and powerful as that of this collection. The religious poetry of Christendom, most of which is poor, is only conscious or unconscious imitation of the Psalms.

The book of Job is one of the great long poems of literature. Its theme is universal, the reconciliation of the idea of a just and merciful God with the grim fact of human suffering. This theme is handled with consummate daring, power and beauty, the writer trampling roughshod over current orthodoxy. He does not solve the problem; neither have we. After studying Job one feels that it has spoken the last word on the subject, that man will never get beyond its conclusions, or rather lack of them.

Proverbs is a patchwork book but the parts all bear upon the central idea. There are those who

have small regard for it but to me it has long been one of the finest things in the Bible. Its personifications of Wisdom are strikingly effective. Wisdom appears as a father giving advice to his son and again stands as a kind of goddess at the gate of the city giving practical instruction to all who go in and out. The book is full of gems. That great prayer of Agur is one. The description of the ideal woman is another, even if the author's ideal is not ours. The book lacks the fire of the prophets and the deep spirituality of many of the Psalms, but it is as sure of itself as any book that was ever written, it abounds in wit and humor beyond all other books of the Bible, and its setting forth of the Wise Life is the finest that we have in poetry.

Ecclesiastes gives fine literary expression, to a large extent in poetic form, to the cynical and pessimistic outlook on life. In a comparatively mild tone it takes up the various ends that men set for themselves and writes Vanity across each and all. Vain is the search for that which satisfies. The description of the helpless old man at the end of the book is a masterpiece. The book has been touched up by a later writer who has injected a religious interest, the strongest expression of which occurs in the concluding words. The Song of Songs is a collection of love songs, not suggestive but perfectly frank, excellent for those who like that sort of thing.

In every New Testament writing a deified Jesus, known as Christ, the Hebrew Messiah, the anointed,

has the dominant place which God has in the Old Testament. Around the historical Jesus, legend and myth are woven in the gospels. In Acts, the writings of Paul, Hebrews, and Revelation, Jesus is transfigured into a mythical Christ, and next to nothing is said of his earthly life. As story the gospels are equal to anything in the Old Testament. Their simple, straightforward narratives, to be read as we read everything else from those days, have a singular charm and winsomeness. To me the greatest of the first three is Luke. Acts is from the same pen, and has all the fascination of the gospel. If Luke actually wrote these books he is, so far as we know, the only person not a Jew to contribute to the Bible. Acts is at its best in its fine and thrilling account of the career of Paul, but it is tantalizing because it breaks off, leaving the story unfinished.

This Paul, Jew, Greek and Roman, first great citizen of the world and first great universal humanitarian, is one of the dominant figures of history, the founder and organizer of Christianity. His importance for Christian beginnings was as great as that of Moses in the launching of Judaism. But for him Jesus would probably be unknown and no gospel would ever have been written. In the midst of the tremendous task that he set for himself, involving travels over much of the Roman world, he wrote the few letters that have survived. Some of the most important of them he wrote from prison. There are only a dozen in all, and several of these seem to

be his only in part, but they suffice to reveal the man and his work to us.

The bigness of his task as he viewed it finds expression now and then in ringing and stirring sentences: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and father of all, who is over all and through all and in you all"; "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." Never before was man so intoxicated with the notion of a world united in a common ideal, and Paul was one of those rare persons to whom it is given both to conceive ideals and to do herculean labor for their execution. Both in his dreams and in his labors he was a genius of the first rank. Not even in the most trying and discouraging experience did this little sick elderly man suffer disillusionment, the disease of the civilized. In his letters enthusiasm is as contagious as disease in a pesthouse. It has been a habit of mine for years to give myself over to Paul when I feel things going against me, and he never fails to cast out the devils and bring me back to life.

His style is unmistakable. Ideas come tumbling, jostling, crowding, his pen unable to keep up with the rapidity of his thought. He is full of fire, vim, energy, passion, and over and over his words are like the tocsin call to battle for a noble cause. At the same time a rich and tender warmth pervades his work. Now and again he is a poet. His ode to Love in First Corinthians is as fine as anything in classical Greek literature, and more universal than

anything I have come across there. He is one of the world's masters of great phrases. His writings abound in them.

Few men have been more misunderstood. He has been thought of as a narrow, crabbed, pessimistic old bachelor, hating women and their ways, cold, hard. He was one of the greatest and biggest hearted leaders of the ages. In his rapid onward and upward course he thrust traditions aside and left most of his contemporaries far behind. I know of no writer who has better succeeded in making life a noble and heroic adventure. He showed fine generosity, speaking kindly even of his most reactionary and stubborn opponents. He had a marvelous gift of making friends. Wherever he went he drew disciples about him, and among these women were conspicuous. His writings abound in beautiful and moving tributes to those devoted women without whom, as he well knew, his work could not have been accomplished. Many years after he had founded the church at Philippi its members heard that Paul was a prisoner in Rome, and selecting one of their brotherhood to make the long journey over sea and land they sent him a present and a letter of sympathy. The Epistle to the Philippians, written in the Roman prison, expresses his appreciation of that thought. Full of spiritual glow, fervor and affection, it is yet free from sentimentality, controlled by the spirit of a cultured gentleman, a rare literary embodiment of humanity, refinement and courtesy.

Some of his writings, notably Galatians and Romans, are pervaded by a curious theology which makes no appeal to our age. How much importance Paul attached to this and how much of it he outgrew it is hard to say. Apparently he underwent many changes of opinion as his life went on and his experience widened. But even in giving expression to this theology he has left to us some of his best writing.

Origen, in the third century, said of the Epistle to the Hebrews that God only knows who wrote it, and the modern scholar reaffirms that verdict. With all its outlandish theology of blood and sacrifice it is a great piece of writing, abounding in passages of haunting beauty.

I do not care for Revelation. It makes no appeal to me, however much I study it.

The Gospel of John is also pervaded with theology, but this is lost to me in its wealth of other values. Its story of Nicodemus, of the woman of Samaria, of the raising of Lazarus; its idea of the mystical union, of the Christ who cannot come a second time because he ever abides in the midst of the faithful, of the unity of believers brought out so beautifully in the story of the good shepherd; its house of many mansions, its vine and branches, its peace to the world: such materials, presented so simply and sincerely, in my judgment make this Fourth Gospel the greatest document ever written in the name of any religion. It is the masterpiece

of mystical literature, all of that sort written since seeming tawdry in comparison. Exquisite—that is a word that fits this gospel and the three epistles from the same source.

That the Hebrews were deficient in the creation of the beautiful has often been pointed out. It is true that they never expressed themselves in sculpture, painting and drama, and never made a piece of architecture worth noticing. The temple of Solomon, which the book of Kings regards as a marvelous edifice, was insignificant in comparison with the structures of Egypt and of Greece. But when it comes to literature the best that was produced in Babylonia, Egypt and Assyria falls short of what has come down to us in the Old and New Testaments. Only the literature of the Greeks may be compared with it.

My chapter is already long for this book, though I have thrown half of it out. Worthily to set forth the aesthetic quality of Jewish literature would require a large book. There are books devoted to the subject, but none of them is adequate.

Let Havelock Ellis speak the closing words:

The prophet Jeremiah once said (and modern prophets have doubtless had occasion to recognize the truth of his remark) that he seemed to the people round him only as "one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." But he failed to understand that it was only through this quality of voice and instrument that his lamentations had any vital force or even any being,

and that if the poem goes the message goes. Indeed, that is true of all his fellow prophets of the Old Testament and the New who have fascinated mankind with the sound of those harps that they had once hung by the waters of Babylon. The whole Bible, we may be very sure, would have long ago been forgotten by all but a few intelligent archaeologists, if men had not heard in it, again and again and again, "one that hath a pleasant voice and can play on an instrument."*

* *The Dance of Life*. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

CHAPTER X

PERMANENT VALUES OF THE BIBLE —AS HISTORY

THE Bible has been criticized, sometimes with ridicule, because of its departures from historical fact. Those who indulge in this sport have no adequate conception of history and no knowledge of the Bible in the light of recent studies. The Jews, it is true, never produced a scientific historian of the order of Thucydides. Neither did the Greeks and Romans ever produce another who was altogether up to him; and, with all our scientific history, few have appeared among us who are worthy to be classed with Thucydides in respect of accuracy and distinction of style. If by history is meant a first and great intention to find out exactly what happened and the causes thereof, by a method of thorough and unbiased investigation of all available sources, then the Jews produced no history and had no interest in it. But this does not prevent their work from having most important historical values.

There was formerly a pronounced disposition, among German scholars in particular, to reduce as much of the Bible as possible to myth and legend

and to discredit whatever it said about anything. On the other hand, students who were still interested in maintaining in some shape the old doctrine of its religious authority seemed to feel that every lapse of its narratives from actuality must count against it as a divine message. These latter scholars, some of them very eminent, undertook to show that the biblical accounts were supported by the enormous quantities of records dug from the mounds of Babylonia and Assyria and from the sands of Egypt, but they were obviously controlled by prejudice in favor of old dogma and this made their work ineffectual. They exaggerated the evidence, and read into both the Bible and the archaeological discoveries what was not really there.

A little more than a hundred years ago Champolion found the key to the long forgotten old Egyptian language on the Rosetta stone. But this key was not a magic wand. Many years passed and a succession of great scholars labored with the hard problem, before ancient Egyptian in its various scripts, some of them exceedingly difficult, was sufficiently deciphered that the student might proceed with confidence in the reading of its records. Since real archaeological work was started in Egypt, the number of records upon the walls of temples and tombs and upon papyrus, much of it dug out of the sands, has steadily increased, until now there is a great mass of such material in the museums of the world. The available papyrus sources may now be measured

by the ton. These frail documents, and also the mural inscriptions, would have perished long ago almost anywhere else but in Egypt. In that genial clime rain almost never falls, and the dry sands are a preserver and not a destroyer. Hence the long land of the Nile has ever been the place of buried treasure for those afflicted with the archaeological urge. But only within comparatively recent times was the Egyptian language reduced to scientific grammar, and we still await an adequate lexicon. What remains to be discovered bulks larger than what is known.

Babylonians and Assyrians made records even more durable than those of Egypt. They wrote upon tablets, prisms, pyramids and cylinders of soft clay, which was then hardened by baking. They also wrote upon monuments and slabs of stone. Metal rusts away, even stone disintegrates, but baked clay survives the roughest elements and comes nearer being everlasting than anything else man has made. So from the ruins of Babylonian and Assyrian cities great stores of records of all sorts have been recovered. Yet some of the most important, such as the Babylonian story of creation and the Gilgamesh epic containing the Babylonian flood story, have been sadly broken and mutilated. Thus they passed through the sacking and burning of cities by the enemy.

Not until about seventy-five years ago was the clue found to the difficult Babylonian-Assyrian

cuneiform script. The great pioneer was H. C. Rawlinson. The decipherment of this old language will ever stand as one of the supreme achievements of the human mind. The thrilling and adventurous story has been told many times and need not be repeated, even if this were the place for it.

Since the days of the fathers of archaeological science Sumerian, the very different language that preceded Babylonian, has been put on a scientific basis, while the great Hittite centers in Asia Minor, at Carchemish and elsewhere, have been excavated and their records in part deciphered. This Hittite information compelled a rewriting of some essential chapters of the ancient history of the Near East. Indeed fresh discoveries from all quarters are coming so thick and fast that conclusions of yesterday are apt to become antiquated to-day or to-morrow. Histories written not many years ago must now be read with caution.

In dealing with this old material we must beware of accepting wholesale any statement made upon an Egyptian, Babylonian or Assyrian monument. Indeed one gets the impression that every pharaoh or king who spread himself upon imposing monuments was puffed up with vanity, was chiefly concerned to magnify himself in the eyes of friend and foe, and was a consummate liar. I instinctively discount liberally all information from such sources, and also those modern historians who have in it a faith that seems to me too childlike.

Direct light upon the Bible from the enormous quantity of Egyptian material may be said to be non-existent. The name Israel occurs once, only casually, in an inscription of the Pharaoh Merneptah, generally supposed to be the Pharaoh in whose reign the exodus took place. Working with the scant Egyptian bearings upon the matter, present-day authorities advocate several different theories as to the time of the exodus, no one of which is backed by adequate Egyptian evidence. Egyptian records make no reference to Moses, to the Hebrews in Egypt or to their flight, or to anything subsequent of which the Bible tells. Indeed it is the other way round; the Old Testament makes important references to Egypt and throws valuable light upon its history.

Nor is there much indirect light from Egypt upon Israelitish affairs. The most important material here is the Tell-el-Amarna letters, found not by an archaeologist but by an ignorant native peasant woman in 1888, and perhaps the most important find historically ever made in Egypt. These letters are written in the Babylonian script and language, this being a kind of international tongue at the time, and are from the archives of the Pharaohs Amenhotep III and IV. Some of them tell of the breaking up of the Egyptian authority in Palestine, having been written to the Pharaoh by Egyptian governors and ostensible supporters of the Egyptian rule. They tell of swarming invaders and beg for troops. Con-

spicuous among the invaders mentioned are tribes called Khabiri, apparently the same word as Hebrews. Hence many modern authorities think that the Israelites whom Moses led from Egypt were of these Khabiri.

Direct light from Babylonia and Assyria upon Israelite history is also very scanty. We know that from earliest times, millenniums before Israel was in existence as a separate people, Babylonia was in close touch with Palestine, as was also Egypt, and that culture flowed thither upon various streams from the Euphrates. The Babylonian stories of creation, of the flood, etc., run back to the dawn of history. A library of books has been written on the relations of these Babylonian stories to those in the Old Testament. There are striking resemblances and more impressive differences. We know that Babylonia could not have borrowed from the Hebrews, since the Babylonian stories were written long ages before the first part of the Old Testament. That is about all that we do know. Whether the writers of Genesis borrowed directly or indirectly from Babylonia, or whether the Genesis and Babylonian tales are independent children of a common ancestor we know not. If I were to write a book six inches thick on the subject, that is all the exact information it would contain.

The code of laws of King Hammurabi of Babylon, engraved on a block of stone some eight feet in height, was found in almost perfect condition so

far as the legibility of the writing was concerned, near the opening of the present century. It is of invaluable significance for the light it throws upon Babylonian history and upon the history of ancient law. It throws an important light of a sort, too, upon the Bible. It seems to me that the spirit of this code of Hammurabi is quite the same as that of the code of laws in Exodus known as The Book of the Covenant. That is a very important fact. But when we attempt to get beyond it to more fact we find ourselves at sea. The Babylonian code was written at least twelve hundred years before the code in Exodus. So that if there was any borrowing Exodus must have been the borrower. But more than this we do not know.

When we come down to the Assyrian kings and their colossal monuments we learn that Shalmaneser III (859-825 B.C.) in his account of operations in the west, makes mention of Jehu of Israel by name as one from whom tribute was exacted. The inscriptions of Tiglath-pileser IV (746-728 B.C.) tell of his conquest of "the country of the house of Omri," and mention the kings Pekah, Hoshea, and Ahaz of Jerusalem among those from whom tribute was collected. Shalmaneser V (727-722 B.C.) laid siege to Samaria, died while it was in progress, and was succeeded by Sargon, who has left an account of the capture of Samaria in which he tells of his deportation of a number of the people. All this is in the well-known Assyrian boastful and blatant style and without lit-

erary distinction. Unfortunately the book of Kings gives no description of this important event. Sennacherib has left an account of his invasion of Judah, in which he tries to cover up his lack of success before Jerusalem. It should be read along with the biblical account of the siege, one of the most graphic military stories ever written, to be found in Kings and repeated almost verbatim in Isaiah. Such is the most important direct light, if it may be called such, from Babylonia and Assyria upon the Old Testament. But the Assyrian royal inscriptions have been of the highest value in the help they have given in the work of getting at the chronology of the Old Testament.

There is frequent mention of Babylon in the Old Testament, which is our chief source of information concerning the military operations of Nebuchadnezzar. It is clear that the Hebrews shared the universal terror which Assyria, by its brutal policy toward the conquered, had inspired in weaker peoples. The little book of Nahum gives a vivid picture of joyous reaction at the news that the fall of Nineveh, that terror of all the earth, was near. Indeed the Old Testament throws important light upon the history of Babylon and Assyria.

Nowhere outside of the Old Testament have we a contemporary mention of Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, or any other great king or prophet. All the ancient writing that must have been done on papyrus and parchment in Palestine

and its neighborhood has been lost. Such material could not last long in that climate. Yet there have been archaeological gleanings from this region, though little more than a beginning has been made.

Archaeology is a very sad science. It is like digging moldering bones of once beautiful persons out of old graveyards. And worse. Gaunt fragments of once glorious cities are unearthed, and the mind, if it has any imagination, thinks of all the horrors of war that laid them low—the long siege, the starving and rioting population, the walls broken through, the flames; inhabitants skinned, burned, buried alive, impaled, their heads piled in pyramids; the long line of choice women wailing as they are led off captive to satisfy the lust of strange and brutal men; and most pathetic of all the little children dashed against walls, tossed upon spears, or lost from their parents and left to perish miserably. The archaeologists themselves, most of whom do not seem to be troubled with such reflections, searching among the ruins of ancient cities six or ten deep for broken relics of antiquity, are in a way as pathetic as any old tragedy ever enacted upon the scene. And the battered and dilapidated old columned temples of Karnak and Luxor and the other memorials of Egypt, pyramids, sphinx, tombs, mummies that men strove to preserve against time and are now gazed on in their miserable estate by the curious eyes of the ignorant the world over—all are

but dumb proclaimers of the futility of human endeavor in a world of change.

The most definite witness to the Bible from near Palestine is the inscription on the celebrated Moabite stone, written by Mesha, king of Moab. It is extremely valuable for its light on language and script, but so far as illuminating the Bible is concerned about all that it does is to mention King Omri by name. No memorial of king or prophet who helped to make little Palestine one of the great lights of time has been found within its borders. Doubtless the prophets would not have it otherwise. They would wish their only memorial to be the continued upholding in a dark world of the torches which they lighted.

The chief value of archaeology for the study of Old Testament history has been to provide an adequate perspective. That Abraham and the patriarchs were the pioneers of the human race can no longer be assumed. We know that in southern Mesopotamia a civilization had arisen, passed through a long development, reached a zenith and gone into decadence before there were any Hebrews to make a record, and that the pyramids were hoary with age when the sons of Jacob went down to Egypt to buy grain. Archaeology has enabled us to see that great empires had flourished for thousands of years before Israel's arrival in Palestine. We are made aware that not till the time of David was the nation secure in its possession, and that at its great-

est the Hebrew kingdom was insignificant compared with the Babylonian, Egyptian, Hittite and Assyrian empires, which used the low lying and best parts of Palestine at will as a bridge for their ambitious exploits. It was overrun by Egypt in the time of the kings, the largest and best part of its territory was lost to Assyria, and Jerusalem went down under the onslaughts of Nebuchadnezzar. Yet this small and feeble folk became a chosen vessel to the nations and a light to Gentiles who were to dwell in far off times and places. There lies a lesson in history: we may make out of it what we can.

The fashion of discrediting the Old Testament as history has lost its former vogue. Scholars no longer treat Moses as a purely fanciful character. Ever since the excavations in Crete showed that there were important elements of fact in the epics of Homer and in other old Greek literature which had been looked upon as pure fiction the historical stock of ancient writings has been steadily going up in the market of scholarship. Nowadays, if I read things correctly, the Old Testament is held in greater respect as history than at any time since Kuenen, Graf and Wellhausen worked out the principles of criticism that have prevailed until now. We are able to say that it throws more real light upon human life in the ancient Near East than evidence from all other sources combined.

Upon the New Testament we have no direct light from anywhere. Its books contain all that we know

of the beginnings of Christianity. There is no contemporary reference in Greek or Latin writers to Jesus, Paul or any other New Testament character. Now and then somebody writes a book to prove that no such person as Jesus ever existed. Such procedure, however, is in violation of all sound canons of historical investigation. Through and behind all the New Testament deification of this man and all the theological overlaying we discover one of the most remarkable and fascinating men that ever walked the earth. As history the New Testament writings are on a par with the common run of writings of that time, and are an indispensable source to anyone who tries to get an understanding of life at the beginning of the Christian era. As for Paul, though all our information about him is in the New Testament, we know, as has been said, more of him than of any other individual of the times except Cicero.

The chief concern of history, as is now realized, is not with royal and dynastic successions, but rather with the life and soul of peoples. Such materials as legends, myths, tales, old poems, and old theologies are therefore sources of the greatest value to the historian. In them are enshrined the reactions of a people to the universe in which they lived, their thoughts, their answers to the great questions of life, their aspirations and their philosophies. In short, all the processes of the mind and spirit are there recorded. The Bible gives a supernatural and

hence fallacious explanation of the origin of things, of the making of the Decalogue, of the birth of Jesus, of the conversion of Paul, and of a great many other things. The ignorant and unthinking person who fancies he is a liberal says, Therefore the Bible is false. Rather should we say, "Therefore it is true." It records faithfully and accurately the explanations which men gave of manifold phenomena, and this, I repeat, is history of the first order and invaluable.

We moderns, proud and arrogant over what we choose to call our accuracy, have judged those old writers by standards of which they knew nothing and by which they could not have done their work, standards which have been invented only within recent times. Thereby we have made them ridiculous and ourselves clownish. A high degree of intelligence is not necessary to perceive that there is no science, good or bad, in Genesis or anywhere else in the Bible, with all due respect to Professor Huxley, Mr. Gladstone, and their respective followers, because the scientific discipline came into use only the other day. Therefore to estimate any part of the Bible by modern science, either in the way of trying to "reconcile" it with science, or of ridiculing it because it does not agree with scientific discovery, is about as puerile a business as one can engage in. I do not say this because it is the Bible that is involved. I am interested in the Bible only as one of the great old humanities, and for me it is in no

respect different from the writings of the Greeks and Romans in the way in which it came into existence. If Homer had received such asinine treatment as the Bible has, from both its so-called friends and its enemies, I would resent that just as ardently.

Bible history is imperfect enough, yet its record of events from the time of Moses onward is the fullest and most complete that has come to us from the ancient world. To sift this record, estimate it, and check it up by available light from all quarters, is the work of the modern biblical scholar. Here comes in another matter: knowledge gained of the languages of antiquity through archaeological exploration and decipherment has been of the greatest importance in helping us to understand the languages of both Testaments and so in getting at just what they say. Here there is a flood of light ever increasing upon every book of the Bible. In practice this is mainly dry philology, but the results are often most illuminating.

In the Bible we may trace the evolution of customs that survive among us, and many of our habits of thought. No one interested in law, politics and government can afford to ignore it if he proposes to know his subject well. Here we have great legal codes that have exerted a powerful influence. Here is the story of the rise and development of our religious beliefs and practices and of our church usages. History is the best word I know to apply to this sort of thing. And through the pages of the Bible the

great empires of the world march in succession, Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Babylon again, Persia, Greece, Rome. We see them come, flourish with loud boastings and plundered material glory, and fall to the dust, while The Book moves on. It succeeds in grasping the spirit of them all even when it misses the facts. And with all this rising and perishing upon its pages it ever impresses us with a certain clear consciousness and sure knowledge that its kingdom is everlasting and its king the lord of life.

In these writings we have faithful transcription of what is far more important than accurate dates, figures, names, and external fact. They are aglow with imagination, than which there is nothing more essential to workable truth. Often fancy runs riot and produces a result that reminds us of an old garden, with infinite variety of bloom and odor, that we come upon without expectation and remember ever after. Often there is delicious subtlety, delicate, suggestive, not obvious. The characters are human beings. By means of their deeds, words and thoughts the writers unfold the spirit of a people through a vast stretch of time. Hence we are able to understand the inner promptings of outward events as well as if we had been living on the scene. We behold the manners and customs of the people, their home and community life, their religious ideas, forms of worship, superstitions. The story of the prophets of Baal may be pure legend so far as Elijah is concerned, but it is a most intimate account of

an ancient cult. The Bible abounds in this sort of history. We overhear private conversations; we see men and their families behind the tent flap; the shepherd upon the plains watching his flock by night, or leading it to the rank grass; the intrigues in the palace and in the courts of the temple; campaigns and the waging of battle; the besieged city in the grip of famine and pestilence and at the mercy of the relentless foe; gatherings at the city gates; men about their vocations and women in the midst of household cares; the camel caravan journeying across the desert and resting beneath the palms of the oasis. The book of Kings gives the best account of ancient military operation that I have read and the book of Acts the most graphic narrative of ancient seamanship. Indeed, there is hardly a phase of life that these writings do not explore to the depths with consummate art. If this be not history, then what is history?

Or take any of the great ideas that dominate the Bible—God, man, righteousness, salvation, and so forth. There is a certain movement upward from crude beginnings, even though often we cannot be sure whether one idea has followed another or is contemporary with it. This growth is not always silent and peaceable, like that of the seed to the shoot, the blade and stalk. Now and again it is accomplished by mighty labor and toil, and we behold a soul striving, with writhings like unto those of a bound giant, to break through to something

better than any soul has as yet laid hold upon; or a prophet laboring to bring forth a new Israel splendid with the righteousness of the Lord. With frequent bends, twists and runnings back upon itself the thing somehow goes on from a tribal God thirsting for blood to the God who is spirit and the father of all; from a little nation of the elect of a barbaric god to a vision of world-wide kingdom in which is neither Greek, Jew, bond, nor free, but in which all are one in brotherhood—a kingdom whose only law is right, whose only spirit is love. Verily, here is a great history of great ideas, and a panorama of the soul such as has never been spread before nor since upon the pages of book. As the Bible is the greatest literature bequeathed to us from the ancient East, so it is the greatest history.

CHAPTER XI

PERMANENT VALUES OF THE BIBLE —AS RELIGION

THE difficulty we encounter here is that there is no general agreement as to what religion is. Hence when one starts out with such a word, it is incumbent upon him to state as best he can what it means to him. For me, what elevates, improves, or stimulates my life at any point is religion, though I do not like the word. Instead of religion I would use the phrase, the Good Life. I also like that trinity of words stressed by the philosophers, the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. These are not three separate and distinct things. They are but different aspects of the same thing. The true is essentially beautiful and good, the beautiful is essentially true and good, the good is essentially true and beautiful. Search for truth, response to the beautiful, practice of the good—that is my religion. What value has the Bible for me in the endeavor to live the Good Life? That is the question I shall try to answer in this chapter. I shall be brief, as I have already answered it in large measure in the two chapters just before this one.

The Bible abounds in explanations of things which we know are not correct, in supernatural causes and manifestations, in miracles, in demons and angels. The New Testament is saturated with theologies which break down under every test and which are now rejected in informed circles. When all this is eliminated it may seem that there is left very little of truth in the Bible. The modern mind is apt to think that ultimate truth is in possession of our science. But two thousand years hence, if civilization manages to survive the poison gases and other apparatus of destruction with which science has provided us, present-day scientific explanations of things will probably seem as mythical as the first chapter of Genesis seems to us. That does not mean that our science is untrue. On the contrary it is one of the truest things we have. Unlike certain other institutions, science is not cluttered up and hampered with outgrown traditions and does not canonize into saints its leaders of the past and make their writings a holy Scripture. Science is true in that it strives by the best means available to get at the causes and elements of things.

In like manner most of the writings that make up our Bible impress me as honest efforts to account for and explain things by such means as were available at the time that they were written. I find in Leviticus, Numbers, Chronicles, and in some other parts of the Bible, a group of narrow-minded, bigoted reactionists attempting to exploit the community in the

interest of their own material well-being. They are the professional priests, of that ungodly crew with its "religious block and tackle" which has always appeared almost as soon as any religious banner was hoisted. And I find Isaiah, in his first chapter, and his contemporary Micah assailing this crowd and its ways and setting forth a simple, workable way of justice, mercy and right. In so doing they were advocates of the true, the beautiful, and the good, and their work has stood to this day.

Mistaken as it always is in its interpretations of the universe, nearly all of the Bible is honest effort in behalf of the good life for individual and community. Sometimes the good life is presented in terms of right, as in the prophets, psalms, and the Sermon on the Mount. It is offered in terms of stern justice by Amos. It is exquisitely unfolded as love by Hosea, in the gospel of John, and in the great ode of Paul. Again, it is presented as faith by Paul and the Epistle to the Hebrews. The book of Proverbs sets it forth as wisdom, and here only he who incarnates the true, the beautiful and the good is the wise man. In all this the Bible is remarkably satisfying and adequate, both in its unfolding of what the good life is and in its prescription for attaining it. Its writers are often masterly in their power to disentangle the permanent from the temporal, the true from the false, the beautiful from the ugly, the good from the bad. In the finest imagery and dream language, though their treatment is always practical,

this persistent hewing to the line of the good life runs through much of The Book. The Bible's own applications of its truths may seem remote to us who confront conditions so different and so much more complicated, yet as far as underlying principles go we often feel that the Bible speaks the last word. Time and again both Testaments reach the heights of spiritual experience. Indeed the most civilized nation of to-day is but a horde of barbarians by the best standards of the two Testaments.

Our traditions are so rooted in the Bible that it is easy to fall into the language of superlatives when we talk about it. We should not, however, claim everything for it. For me, Plato and Aristotle develop aspects of the Good Life which the Bible ignores, as do Cicero, Seneca, Tacitus, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius and others. So it is well to study these great pagan inspirations along with the Bible. And I must confess that these pagans, rather than the Bible, first taught me that the best, truest and most beautiful piece of art one can create is a good life.

Matthew Arnold has a famous analysis of our life from the standpoint of the Hebrew and Greek contributions. The Hebrews were the contributors of a stern morality, and our mistake, he contends, has been in trying to follow that too closely. Hence the grim Puritanism and narrow-minded ugliness that Arnold discovered in the dissenting bodies of his time. The remedy to which he points is a larger

admixture of the Greek sense of beauty with the Hebraic morality. Perhaps to-day our common life is even more in need of the fine things for which the Greeks stood than it was in Arnold's time. But we are permitting the Greek genius to pass out, as it did in the Middle Ages, and the language of Greece is now almost banished from our schools. Yet the element of beauty permeates the Bible far more than Arnold seems to have recognized. It is richly present in the Old Testament, and the New Testament has qualities that are essentially Greek. Not only is it written in the Greek language but it has a Greek spirit. The more I study it, the more am I impressed with this.

How many specific rules for the Good Life I have derived from the Bible I cannot say. But I know that the study of it, more than anything else, released me from inherited traditions, freed me from prison walls and shackles of the mind, and qualified me to receive new things from many sources. There is no need to say more.

CHAPTER XII

ON TRANSLATING THE BIBLE

SOME years ago I gathered about myself a mass of printed apparatus and made a translation of the book of Job. This work plunged me deeper into old and new translations of the Bible than I had ever been before. I became impressed with the stride of The Book down the centuries, through far-scattered lands and among peoples of diverse tongues and customs. I perceived that no performance like unto this could be put down to the credit of any other book. When I got Job off my hands for the time being I turned my attention to the versions of the Bible and their stories. The subject has often been written up, and several books dealing with it have many excellences. But I have never found the book that lays the thing out in all its epic proportions, with its background of adventure, of toil, and of personalities. I shall not attempt such an achievement, but here at the close of my book the influence of the Bible's life in the world upon my own life seems to me to be worthy of notice.

The story begins before the Christian era, when the entire Old Testament, together with certain

other Jewish writings included in what we know as the Apocrypha, was translated from Hebrew into Greek. This seems to have been the first instance of the translation of an extensive body of literature from one language into another entirely different. This version is known as the Septuagint, from the Latin *septuaginta*, meaning seventy. The Jewish legend has it that the Law, the first five books of the Old Testament, was translated by seventy (or seventy-two) Jewish scholars at the order of the Egyptian king Ptolemy Philadelphus (285-247 B.C.) for the great library of Alexandria. This is the substance of a legend which became more embellished as it was passed along. Like all legend it contains elements of fact. The Law was first to be translated, and the work on it was more thoroughly done than on any other part of the Old Testament. The time was during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, but the king was not the instigator of the task. It was a purely Jewish enterprise, for the benefit of the great number of Jews in Alexandria who spoke Greek and knew nothing of Hebrew. Who the translators were, or by what order or under what inspiration they worked, is unknown to us. The other Old Testament books were translated later and by other hands. The work extended over a long period of time, and is of varying merit. The whole thing was finished around the opening of the Christian era.

For two reasons the Septuagint is the most sig-

nificant of all the versions of the Bible that have been made. In the first place, we are indebted to it for the preservation of the so-called apocryphal books of the Old Testament. The Hebrew originals of such of them as were written in that language have for the most part been lost. In the second place, the Septuagint was from the start the Bible of the early Christian church. This was because Greek was the language spoken through the most densely populated regions in which Christianity established itself, all the way from what we know as the Near East to Rome and beyond in the West. The quotations from the Old Testament in the New are generally from the Septuagint. It was the Bible that the Christians took away from the Jews, Hebrew being unknown in the great field in which they operated. After the time of Paul we find not a single church leader who was a convert from Judaism. All the so-called church fathers whose writings have come down to us in Greek and Latin came into Christianity from paganism, and with the exception of Origen in the third century and Jerome in the fourth, none of them gives evidence of knowing any Hebrew. In other words, these men could have got no adequate understanding of Christianity but for the Septuagint.

This Septuagint not only put the Scriptures within the reach of everyone who could read, but the fact that it was in Greek gave it a distinction in the world of the time. Had it not been there, ready for

use, one fails to see how the Christian church ever could have got under way.

Thus, by one of those twists that we often find in history, the Jews, who were bitterly hostile to Christianity, provided it with its chief instrument of propagation. Perceiving this, the Jews themselves repudiated the Septuagint and made other translations of the Old Testament into Greek, which have come down to us only in fragments. They also rejected the apocryphal books, which to this day, primarily because they are in the Septuagint, are accepted as Scripture by the majority of Christians.

Had the Christians not taken care of it the Septuagint would have perished. As it is, it was bound up with the Greek New Testament in the three earliest and greatest manuscripts of the entire Christian Bible that have come down to us, though a greater or less part of the Septuagint has been lost from each of them. The three are the Vatican, Alexandrian, and Sinaitic manuscripts, the interesting stories of which have often been retold. Moreover, the old Jewish legend of the making of the Septuagint translation of the Law was taken up by the Christian fathers and further elaborated in the interest of Christianity.

But Christianity soon spread beyond the areas in which Greek was spoken, and both Testaments were translated into the vernaculars. There were great regions of the East in which Syriac, a language closely akin to Hebrew, was spoken, and Syriac ver-

sions of the Bible soon appeared, and also versions in Latin, which was spoken in north Africa as well as in Europe. Latin versions reached their culmination in Jerome's translation of the fourth century, wrought out from the Hebrew and the Greek with mighty labors. This Jerome is one of the most powerful forces the church has produced and one of the most colorful personalities of history. His letters are among the world's great published correspondences. In due time his translation, known as the Vulgate, became the Bible of the church in the West, and to this day it is the only version of the Scriptures recognized by Rome.

The Latin Bible was copied and recopied in the monasteries of Europe, and here were produced those marvelous products of biblical devotion, the rich and gorgeous illuminated manuscripts, fine vellums with exquisite ornamentation in colors. When one looks upon one of these in a museum his mind calls up a cowed and tonsured monk in the solitude of a bare stone cell of a monastery far from the noises of the multitudes in pursuit of the materialities of the world. The monks of Ireland excelled in the production of these manuscripts as far back as the seventh century, when the Irish church was in the most splendid period of its career. This church was notable also for its missionary zeal, and whether we agree with the spirit of the thing or not, no story is more thrilling than that of these monks going forth from their isolated land under the holy

Cross, enduring all manner of privation in Britain and on the continent to bring the world to the faith. One of their missions was established under the rule of Saint Columba on the wave swept isle of Iona, off the coast of Scotland, which for centuries was a place of learning and piety, of history and legend. The Book of Kells, the finest example of Irish illumination in existence, may have been made at Iona. A characteristic feature of these manuscripts is their great, intricate initial letters. One cannot appreciate the art, time, labor and patience involved in making one of them until he undertakes to copy it. Another famous specimen of this work is the beautiful Lindisfarne Gospels, so called from the place at which the manuscript was made, another small island just off the extreme northeast coast of England. Around this holy place, too, grew up fascinating story and legend. The Irish inspiration passed over to the continent, and illumination was carried on at the renowned monastery of Saint Gall in the forests of Switzerland. In the Golden Gospels, made under the patronage of Charlemagne, Irish influence is to be seen in some degree. Such manuscripts were produced in the various countries of Europe until the invention of printing and later.

The great name in connection with Christian missions to the Goths is that of Ulflas, of the same time as Jerome, who for forty years carried on his labors amid hardships and persecution, and who translated the Bible from the Greek into Gothic. In

order to do this he had to construct an alphabet, the language having never before been written. It is said that he left out the books of Kings, as he thought they were likely to encourage war, and in his judgment the Goths were already too familiar with that sport. This version, which has survived only in fragments, is notable among other things as marking the beginning of Teutonic literature. It is pleasant to go back to it now and then and work over it. Old Ulfilas always comes to life in it, and I like him as much as I do any man of The Book whose acquaintance I have made.

The more important of the other old translations are those into Coptic, the language of the church in Egypt, in several dialects, and those into Ethiopic, the language used to the south of Egypt. There are also translations into Armenian, Georgian, Slavonic, and Persian, made as the church spread abroad. Later, after the conquests of Islam, translations were made into Arabic.

After the Roman church and its Latin Bible became dominant in the West, translation under church authority came to an end. Yet there seem to have been many attempts, more or less ambitious, to translate the Latin Bible into the languages of the peoples. Passing over old English translations made for priests rather than people, the outstanding name for us here is that of John Wycliffe, born in the first half of the fourteenth century and contemporary with Chaucer. He launched religious reforms that

were to culminate a hundred and fifty years later in the Reformation, and would probably have been burned at the stake had not natural death taken him off. There is said to have been a Bohemian psalter of 1572 in which a drawing represented Wycliffe as striking the spark, John Huss lighting the coals, and Luther flourishing the lighted torch. But we are not concerned here with that adventurous and heroic story. Wycliffe has often been called the father of the English Bible. That is what concerns us. The matter that was closest to his heart was the translation of the Bible into English for the people, so as to bring the plain man "to ken and to kepe Holy Writ, and to suffer joyfully some pain for it at the last."

Little is known in detail of the making of this version. Wycliffe was its inspiration, but how large a part he had in the actual making of it in its first form is uncertain. It was done, as Purvey says, by "many good fellows and cunning." But we know that it was translated entirely from the Vulgate. There were few men in England at that time who knew any Greek or Hebrew, and Wycliffe was not one of them. John Purvey, one of Wycliffe's closest friends during the latter part of his life, revised the entire translation with help from the "good fellows and cunning" and much improved its literary form. This revised work is known as the version of Wycliffe and Purvey, and supplanted the earlier version. The avowed purpose of Wycliffe was to put

the Bible into the hands of the people. To make Bibles numerous and cheap enough to accomplish that end was no small undertaking in an age when every copy had to be made by hand, yet copies seem to have been widely circulated. Wycliffe, however, was hardly dead when the version was outlawed, and of copies made during his lifetime only a few of the New Testament have survived. Many of the renderings of this first English Bible lived on and were used in the King James version. It is in clear, vigorous and simple English. For years it has been to me a classic of our literature, and I go back to my old copy very often. Wycliffe has done great things for me. I can study an old book or a new one in a library when necessary, to glean facts from it; but when I establish a spiritual union with a book I must own it, I must live with it. I must have it within reach and sight, where I may return to it in the heat of the day or in the quiet hours of the night. So it is with my old Wycliffe; and so with the other old Bibles around me as I write.

Another great era of Bible translation was brought about as a joint effect of three historical circumstances—interest in the Greek New Testament and the Hebrew Old Testament as a result of the Renaissance, the avowal by Protestants that the Bible was the one and only authority in religion, and the invention of printing from movable type. But even then most of the countries of Europe did not get adequate translations of the Bible and do not have

them to this day. The French Bible, for instance, impresses one as being much below the highest literary standards of that country.

When I was a youth an old German gentleman used to sit with me under the trees and read to me from Martin Luther's German Bible and tell me of Luther's exploits. Thus I was led into the companionship of Luther, and by as fine a guide as a young fellow ever had. Among my treasured Bibles is the copy of Luther's version which the old gentleman gave me when he knew that his end was near. The sad thing about these old Bibles of mine is that I know no one who will love them when I am gone. I cannot bear to think of their being neglected and abused, as some of them evidently were before they came to me, to guide me and to find rest with me. I would save them from further abuse, as I would a living friend. Well, let them go back to the second-hand bookstores, where most of them were found, in the hope that some of the true lovers who infest such places will find their own in them. When anyone runs across an old Bible with my name in it, if it has been abused let him know that it was not at my hand, and may he treat it kindly.

Martin Luther looms up like a colossus. He had glaring faults. But only a man with his combination of elements—a rough, smashing kind of man, honest, fearless, rocklike, with a warm, genuine humanity, a hero type of man—could have carried the Reformation through. In his *Table Talk* he is reported as

having said, and the very spirit of Brother Martin seems to throb in the words: "I had hanging on my neck the Pope, the universities, all the deep-learned, and the devil; these hunted me into the Bible, wherein I sedulously read, and thereby, God be praised, at length attained a true understanding of it." When about thirty years of age, Luther became a professor at Wittenberg, where his subject was the Bible. Starting with the Vulgate he soon came to perceive, to use his own language, that "the more the water loses taste and strength the further it gets from the source." So he took up the study of the Bible in Hebrew and Greek. This learning of two old and difficult languages was accomplished along with his teaching and preaching—an example of the will power and energy that this man exhibited all through his life. When the first edition of the Greek New Testament of Erasmus appeared in 1516 Luther immediately introduced it. In his classroom the Bible became a living thing.

When in hiding at the Wartburg, after that great stand before the emperor for the things he saw in the Bible, he put in part of his time translating the New Testament into German. This was not, as has sometimes been assumed, the first German translation. It is said that eighteen German editions of the entire Bible had been published before Luther's. But these were all from the Vulgate, and were all inferior. Luther finished the New Testament in less than three months. In 1534 his whole Bible was issued.

He had a command of clear, vigorous German such as no other writer of his time had and which none since has excelled. In German literature Luther's version holds a place similar to that of the King James version in English. There is no rarer gift than that of aptitude in translating from one language to another. Biblical scholars of to-day know far more about Hebrew and Greek than Luther ever did, and have all sorts of equipment undreamed of in his time, yet modern scholarship has produced no translator comparable with Luther and with those who made our standard English version. And Luther's version will ever be memorable as the first translation into a modern language from the original tongues.

The father of the Bible in English translated from the original languages is William Tyndale, born about the time that Columbus discovered America. He once declared to a "learned man," "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scripture than thou doest." Never was a life more thoroughly consecrated to The Book than Tyndale's. His project being bitterly opposed by the church in England, which was still Catholic, Tyndale found a friend in Humphrey Monmouth, a rich merchant and alderman of London. At his home he met other merchants who had traveled afar and had tales to tell of the spread of Lutheranism. No doubt from these he also learned of the facilities for printing on the

continent. In 1524 he sailed for Hamburg. Soon after landing, according to contemporary accounts, he visited Luther at Wittenberg. It is not possible to determine how much work on the New Testament he had done before leaving England, but it is certain that his manuscript was done from the Greek of Erasmus, with full use of the Vulgate and very much help from Luther. The financial backing came from the London merchants.

In order to have his work printed Tyndale moved to Cologne, where arrangements were made for three thousand copies in small size. This was not a work that could be done in a corner, and soon enough it was on the wings of rumor. Tyndale was known to be in full sympathy with Luther and imbued with the spirit of reform. A certain John Cochlaeus, having heard of what was going on, got some of the printers to his house, made them drunk, so learned of the projected three thousand copies, and lost no time in an attempt to thwart the enterprise. Tyndale, however, managed to escape to Worms, where a few years before Luther had made his brave stand, taking with him the sheets that had been printed. There another printer was found and a second edition was put out. Like the first it was anonymous. Meanwhile Cochlaeus was doing all in his power to prevent the entrance of the work into England, whither he had sent a description of the first edition.

In defiance of opposition—and thanks largely to the continued support of the English merchants—

copies got into England by all sorts of secret means. They were shipped into the country by the thousand in bales and casks of merchandise and in such other ways as ingenuity could devise, were eagerly bought and read, and spread amazingly over the land. This seems the most remarkable when one considers the stern suppressive measures that were taken. All the machinery of church and state was directed against the version. So persistent and vigorous was the effort at suppression that the only known survivor of the edition printed at Cologne is a fragment of thirty-one leaves, now in the British Museum. A photo-lithographed edition made from it was published in 1895. I was lucky enough to find a copy of this in a pile of junk and made it mine in exchange for ten cents. Another similar edition was issued a few years ago. In spite of all the destructive engines of church and state new editions kept coming from Dutch presses and were got into England faster than they could be destroyed.

Tyndale next set himself to make a translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, for him a most difficult task. His Pentateuch took him five years. His translation from Joshua to Chronicles was in manuscript when he died a martyr at the age of about forty-five.

The literary qualities of Tyndale's work are of the highest. Like the earlier versions of Wycliffe and Purvey and other Bible versions since, it is of great significance in linguistic and literary study. His

master craftsmanship is nowhere more conspicuous than in his choice of words. It has been estimated that more than eighty per cent. of his English was taken over by the makers of the King James version, who thus showed their genius for borrowing. In a word, Tyndale's translations mark the beginning of modern English prose.

It so happens that at this writing the last old book on the Bible that has come into my possession is Mombert's William Tyndale's *Five Books of Moses, a Verbatim Reprint of the Edition of M.CCCCC. XXX*, published in 1884. In this is given the full text of a letter of Tyndale's, in Latin, written during his last imprisonment, in which after telling of his sufferings and material needs, he begs for a Hebrew Bible, grammar and lexicon. These were apparently granted, as it was during his imprisonment that his translation from Joshua to Chronicles was made. This man is the real father of the Bible of our homes and churches.

In the year 1841 the London publishing house of Samuel Bagster and Sons issued *The English Hexapla* in a volume larger than the usual old-fashioned Family Bible. It contains the text of the Greek New Testament and underneath in parallel columns the texts in original spellings of six English versions from that of Wycliffe to the King James. If one goes into the market for this stout volume he will have trouble finding a copy, and should he find it he will learn that his bookdealer wants a price that is

prohibitive, that is if the searcher's pocketbook is as light as that of most lovers of books. I had long known this work, but never thought of myself as owning a copy of it. But one day, very hot and tired, I went into an old bookshop, ran into a copy as fresh and clean, bindings and all, as on the day it was published, and bore it out in exchange for seventy-five cents. When the dealer named his price my weariness instantly forsook me, I became oblivious to the weather, and for a time was on a kind of spiritual spree. I have read every word in this bulky volume, many of them repeatedly.

There were other important English versions after Tyndale's, each one with a history, but there is not space to go into them.

James I has been called "the wisest fool in Europe," and it is certain that his reign showed consummate folly, but he has one eminent distinction. In a letter to Bancroft, Bishop of London, he says that he has "appointed certain learned men, to the number of four and fifty, for the translating of the Bible." The king, who had interested himself in the Bible even before he came to the throne, goes on to instruct the bishop to have diligent search made throughout the realm for the ablest Hebrew and Greek scholars for this work. We should like to know all the details of the making of our great version, but these are sadly lacking. The king writes of fifty-four translators, but the names of only forty-seven are upon the list. Arrangements

apparently were all made before the end of 1604, but the actual work did not begin until three years later. The translators were divided into companies of six each and the work was apportioned among them. Two met at Westminster, two at Cambridge, and two at Oxford.

About all that is known of their procedure is contained in "The Translators to the Reader," corresponding to what we call a preface, which preceded the translation. In my life I have come across three great prefaces, that of Caxton to his *Le Morte D'Arthur*, that of Doctor Johnson's Dictionary, and that of the King James version. Its omission from our Bibles, when it is as great as anything in the Bible itself, while the false and groveling dedication to the king is generally included, is in keeping with the stupidity that is written all over the make-up of most editions of this one of the greatest books in our language. I know of only one recent edition of the King James version that includes the preface, and it is so expensive as to be beyond the means of the average reader.

When the work had been done by the six companies two persons were selected from each to edit and prepare the whole for publication. The entire enterprise from start to finish took two and three-quarter years. The translating was all done thoroughly and honestly, directly from the original languages, by the help of all the knowledge available at the time, and with the use of previous English versions. So

this version was really the culmination of an evolution.

The literary form of the King James version and its influence upon our life and literature have been extolled so frequently that anything that might be said on that subject would be commonplace. It stands as the greatest and most enduring monument that king ever erected to himself. But everything possible seems to have been done to mar it for us, as though the churches of Christendom had entered into conspiracy against it. It is published in the ugliest and most repellent form that ever cursed a book. It is given to us printed in double columns, the reading matter cluttered and broken by little figures and letters, the margins filled with a perfect jungle of references, and bound in funereal black covers that overlap the edges and get in the way.

The King James version was made once for all, but biblical scholarship went on. Progress in understanding the language of the Old Testament has been enormous. All the greatest and most ancient manuscripts of the New Testament and hundreds of others not so ancient have come to light since the making of the King James version. Its New Testament was translated from a very defective text, the so-called *textus receptus*, based upon the edition that Erasmus had issued. Hence in the Victorian era a movement was started for a new translation, the first steps toward a Revised Version being taken in 1870. This translation, like the King James, was

done by companies of scholars, and Americans were asked to participate. The Revised New Testament was published in 1881 and the entire Bible in 1885. In 1901 the American Committee issued the American Standard Edition, which puts into the text the American suggestions which the English revisers did not adopt. One cannot wax enthusiastic over this version. It does things it should not have done, and leaves undone those it should have done. As a literary product it is not in the class of the old version. But it makes the meaning of the original much clearer in places, and no serious Bible reader can afford to be without it.

There are still later translations, to say nothing of those of individual books and parts of the Bible. We have the English version of the Old Testament put out by the Jewish Publication Society of America. James Moffatt, the Scotch scholar, has followed the example of Martin Luther, and single-handed translated the whole Bible from the Hebrew and Greek. Edgar J. Goodspeed has made a recent translation of the New Testament, as has also William G. Ballantine. We have also a recent translation of the whole of the Old Testament, published in handsome form, by a small group of American scholars. I have studied all of these very closely, and have been helped by them all. But we still await a great modern version of the Bible in English. It seems to me that the sorest need is a translation that will do reasonable justice to the poetical

parts of the Old Testament. At the same time I know from experience that it is impossible to render even simple Hebrew prose into English that satisfies the translator, to say nothing of his reader. When it comes to Hebrew poetry the task is gigantic and discouraging in the extreme.

So here it is, The Book, all the way from the beginning, in many tongues and among many peoples down to the last translation. Why has it been so much with us? I find the best answer to the question in the preface of the King James version, "If we be ignorant, they (the Scriptures) will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us." At any rate, that is what The Book has been in my own life.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The list of books herewith offered has been compiled with reference to the intelligent person who does not know Hebrew and Greek. A few are not free of technicalities, but even these can be used with great profit by those for whom the list is intended. I have long thought that clubs for the study of the Bible should be formed, similar to those for the study of literature, art and so forth that flourish everywhere, not connected with any church or for any direct religious purpose, but for the study of the Bible as a humanity. The whole list might be purchased by such a club, or better still, influential clubs might be able to have these books procured by public libraries, in cases where they are not already there, and might bring about the establishment of departments of biblical literature in libraries.

Books of the first importance in languages other than English, especially in German and French, have been omitted. Most of these, however, are cited in many of the books recommended. But even within these limits my task has been to decide what to leave out. The classification is not perfect; that is, some books might be grouped under heads

other than those under which they are placed, under several heads in fact.

I may add that I recommend these books out of my experiences with them. I have read them all, nearly all of them are in my library, and I am using them constantly.

I. GENERAL

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Eleventh edition. Contains authoritative articles on the different books of the Bible and on many biblical matters.

HASTINGS, *Dictionary of the Bible*, Five volumes.

HASTINGS, *Dictionary of the Bible* in one volume. More elementary than the preceding.

Encyclopaedia Biblica, originally in four volumes, now issued in one, printed on thin paper. Much less conservative than Hastings' works and more technical.

Jewish Encyclopaedia, Twelve volumes. Indispensable on all matters pertaining to the Jews ancient and modern.

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, Twelve volumes and an index volume. More recent than any of the preceding and of first importance on all biblical subjects.

II. LANGUAGES

Encyclopaedia Britannica, article "Semitic Languages," by Theodor Nöldeke. A fine treatment by one of the best scholars the science has produced.

III. ARCHAEOLOGY: HISTORY OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND DECIPHERMENT

R. W. ROGERS, *History of Babylonia and Assyria*, Two volumes. The first volume is mainly devoted to the

story of excavations in the two countries and of the decipherment of the language, and is the best yet written. Much has been done, however, since the work was published.

- H. V. HILPRECHT and others, *Explorations in Bible Lands During the Nineteenth Century*, has a wider scope than Rogers' work in that it covers most of the areas of the Near East. As the title indicates, it tells nothing of what has been done since the opening of the twentieth century, of which we still await an adequate story.

- F. J. BLISS, *The Development of Palestine Exploration*. A good history of archaeology in the Holy Land.

JAMES BAIKIE, *A Century of Excavation in the Land of the Pharaohs*.

JAMES BAIKIE, *Egyptian Papyri and Papyrus-Hunting*.

- R. A. S. MACALISTER, *A Century of Excavation in Palestine*. These three books are popular, interesting, and authentic.

IV. ARCHAEOLOGY: LIGHT FROM ARCHAEOLOGY ON THE BIBLE

- R. W. ROGERS, *Cuneiform Parallels to the Old Testament*. Translations of all Babylonian and Assyrian writings, including the Code of Hammurabi, that throw light on the Old Testament. Contains many photographic plates.

DANIEL D. LUCKENBILL, *Ancient Records of Assyria and Babylonia*. Two volumes, containing translations of records from the mounds of Assyria. The author died before the work was carried further, and Assyriology lost one of its best scholars. However, this work will be carried on to completion.

- J. H. BREASTED, *Ancient Records of Egypt*. Translations

of all extant historical records from the Nile, in five volumes by the leading American Egyptologist.

ADOLF ERMAN, *Literature of the Ancient Egyptians*; translated by A. M. Blackman. Poems, narratives, etc., made accessible to the modern reader by one of the greatest Egyptologists. Indispensable to those who would know the inner life of ancient Egypt.

G. A. BARTON, *Archaeology and the Bible*, Fifth edition. Deals with light from all lands on both Testaments, with translations of ancient documents and hundreds of photographs. The most useful handbook on the subject. If one can get only one book, this is the one.

V. ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST

J. H. BREASTED, *History of Egypt*. The standard work on the subject.

J. H. BREASTED, *Development of Religious Thought in Ancient Egypt*.

ARTHUR WEIGALL, *A History of the Pharaohs*. So far two volumes have appeared. Written since Breasted's books, with which it does not always agree, and generally more technical. The author has some interesting ideas of his own which have not been generally accepted.

ADOLF ERMAN, *Life in Ancient Egypt*. Translated by H. M. Tirard. A beautiful and most interesting book, with four hundred illustrations and eleven plates. It is out of print and scarce, and dealers ask a good price for it. Unfortunately the new and revised German edition has not been translated into English. This seems a little strange in view of the recent popular interest in Egypt.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR., *Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria*. Also contains a history of excavation and decipherment, and many excellent plates.

- MORRIS JASTROW, JR., *Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*.
A. T. OLMSTEAD, *History of Assyria*. Companion volume to Breasted's *Egypt*, and like it, published in beautiful form and with many fine illustrations. The best book on the subject yet written, though it is not as interesting reading as Breasted's work.
HUGO WINCKLER, *Tell-el-Amarna Letters*. Transliterations of the texts with English translations.
T. E. PEET, *Egypt and the Old Testament*.
J. W. JACK, *The Date of the Exodus*.
H. R. HALL, *Ancient History of the Near East*. These three books offer different theories of important matters.
JAMES BAIKIE, *Life of the Ancient East*.
L. W. KING, *A History of Sumer and Akkad*. Has been a standard work for about twenty years.
L. W. KING, *Legends of Babylonia and Egypt*.
R. C. THOMPSON, *The Epic of Gilgamesh*. A translation of the entire poem into English. Excellently done.
C. L. WOOLLEY, *The Sumerians*. An interesting little book.
R. A. S. MACALISTER, *The Philistines, Their History and Civilization*. The fullest account of this very important subject in English.
G. A. BARTON, *A Sketch of Semitic Origins*. Unfortunately out of print and not easy to get.
Cambridge Ancient History, especially the first four volumes and the two volumes of plates. Aims to be exhaustive, with contributions from many of the foremost scholars. The bibliographies are very full.

VI. HISTORY OF ISRAEL

- RUDOLF KITTEL, *History of the Hebrews*. Later German editions of this standard work have not been translated into English.

- RUDOLF KITTEL, *Great Men and Movements in Israel*.
Translated by CHARLOTTE A. KNOCH and C. D. WRIGHT. Recently appeared.
- C. F. KENT, *History of the Hebrew People*, Two volumes.
- C. F. KENT and J. S. RIGGS, *History of the Jewish People*, Two volumes. Brief and popular treatments that have been out some thirty years, and hence must be used with caution in places.
- R. L. OTTLEY, *Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period*. Popular and about thirty years old.
- G. W. WADE, *Old Testament History*. A popular handbook.
- H. P. SMITH, *Old Testament History*. It is a pity that Professor Smith was not able to carry out his wish to revise this work before his death.
- JOHS. PEDERSEN, *Israel, Its Life and Culture*. Highly recommended, as is also the next book
- ALFRED BERTHOLET, *History of Hebrew Civilization*.
Translated by A. K. Dallas.

VII. RELIGION OF ISRAEL

- W. ROBERTSON SMITH, *Religion of The Semites*. An old classic. Recently reissued with voluminous notes by S. A. Cook. This is the edition to have.
- G. A. BARTON, *The Religion of Israel*. Elementary, but no one can afford to ignore it.
- H. P. SMITH, *The Religion of Israel, A Historical Study*. Highly recommended.
- RUDOLF KITTEL, *The Religion of Israel*. Translated by R. Caryl Micklem. Professor Kittel's name is alone sufficient to guarantee its importance.
- W. F. BADÈ, *The Old Testament in the Light of To-day*. One of the best books on the religions of the Old Testament.
- J. M. P. SMITH, *Moral Life of the Hebrews*. History of

the development of Hebrew morals in the Old Testament. A small volume of the highest value.

GEORGE F. MOORE, *Judaism*. Here are two volumes that are absolutely indispensable, by the American Gentile and master scholar who knows more about the Jews than the best of them know of themselves.

VIII. GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE

GEORGE ADAM SMITH, *Historical Geography of The Holy Land*. The great work in English on the subject. Like all of this scholar's work it is written in a style that makes it real literature. No other specialist that I know of is his equal as a writer.

BAEDEKER, *Palestine and Syria, and Egypt*.

IX. OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM: HISTORY

T. K. CHEYNE, *Founders of Old Testament Criticism*. Best work on the subject in English, though it does not cover critical theories of recent years.

ARCHIBALD DUFF, *History of Old Testament Criticism*. An excellent little book. Also useful for its photographs of great Old Testament scholars.

The People and The Book. Edited by A. S. Peake. Made up of essays on Old Testament subjects by a number of British scholars. One of those beautiful University of Oxford Press publications. I mention it here because of the essays in it dealing with modern phases of Old Testament criticism which are excellently done. In connection with this may be mentioned another fine Oxford Press book

The Legacy of Israel. Also made up of contributions from different scholars. It is one of the series of which the other volumes are *The Legacy of Greece* and *The Legacy of Rome*. A very important book.

X. OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND INTRODUCTION

- W. ROBERTSON SMITH, *Old Testament in The Jewish Church*. Still a classic.
- JULIUS WELLHAUSEN, *Prolegomena to the History of Israel*. Translated by J. Sutherland Black and Allan Menzies. Exhaustive and not easy reading. Though written so long ago, the student must still have it by. Unfortunately out of print and listed as scarce, hence the dealer wants a good price for it.
- E. S. BRIGHTMAN, *Sources of the Hexateuch*. The Hexateuch is distributed among the several documents according to prevailing opinion, with introductions and opinions of various scholars. A most useful book.
- D. C. SIMPSON, *Pentateuchal Criticism*. An excellent little Oxford book.
- G. F. MOORE, *The Literature of the Old Testament*. Home University Library Series. Makes a critical analysis of every Old Testament writing and tells just what it is about. Elementary and authoritative. This is the book to start with when one sets forth to find out what the Old Testament is.
- S. R. DRIVER, *Introduction to The Literature of the Old Testament*. Has long been the standard work in English. Does what Moore does on a much larger scale and more technical. It is conservative and cautious.
- G. B. GRAY, *Critical Introduction to the Old Testament*. More elementary than Driver. A fine book by a fine English scholar.
- H. T. FOWLER, *A Handbook of the Literature of Ancient Israel*. In a popular style and much easier to read than Driver's book. A well done piece of work.
- JULIUS A. BEWER, *Literature of the Old Testament*. More recent than Fowler's book and on the same line. Conservative in outlook.

- C. F. KENT, *Students' Old Testament*. The Old Testament writings are analyzed in detail with plenty of explanatory material. The introductions have been collected in a single volume with the title *The Growth and Contents of the Old Testament*. This single volume will be found sufficient.
- E. SELLIN, *Introduction to the Old Testament*, translated by W. Montgomery. An independent and stimulating book by one of the foremost German scholars.

XI. PROPHETS

- W. ROBERTSON SMITH, *The Prophets of Israel*. To this day the most stimulating work on the subject in existence, with the exception of the two works that follow.
- GEORGE ADAM SMITH, *Isaiah*. Recently revised.
- GEORGE ADAM SMITH, *The Twelve Prophets*. Also recently revised. The point of view of these books is often too conservative, and sometimes the writer becomes a preacher. But no other scholar has so well succeeded in treating the prophets in a style worthy of them.
- GEORGE ADAM SMITH, *Jeremiah*. An illuminating book, but not up to the preceding. In connection with it should be read the next book.
- JOHN SKINNER, *Prophecy and Religion Studies in the Life of Jeremiah*. Informing and stimulating.
- C. H. CORNILL, *The Prophets of Israel*. Though this little book was written thirty-five years ago it is as fresh as ever.
- J. M. P. SMITH, *The Prophets and Their Times*. A fine little appreciation and interpretation.
- A. R. GORDON, *The Prophets of the Old Testament*. Popular and excellent.
- KEMPER FULLERTON, *Prophecy and Authority*. Deals

largely with the history of interpretation. Nothing else that I know of does just what this book does. Very important.

- C. C. TORREY, *The Second Isaiah, A New Interpretation*. A recent book that is indeed a new interpretation, by a scholar whose work commands the attention and respect of the world. His revolutionary *Ezra Studies*, which appeared a good many years ago, offered a reconstruction of the history during and after the Babylonian captivity. His *Second Isaiah* follows this up. One should read LAURENCE BROWNE, *Early Judaism* along with Torrey.

XII. POETRY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

- A. R. GORDON, *The Poets of the Old Testament*. An excellent treatment.
- GEORGE ADAM SMITH, *The Early Poets of Israel*. Up to this scholar's usual high level.
- The Psalmists*. Essays by several scholars. Another of those Oxford books. Informing and stimulating.

XIII. CANON OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

- H. E. RYLE, *The Canon of The Old Testament*. Long been a standard work in English.
- The Divine Library of The Old Testament*. A small and popular book that has been out a long time. Deals also with the story of the transmission of the Old Testament.
- G. WILDEBOER, *The Origin of The Canon of The Old Testament*. Translated by B. W. Bacon. Full of information.

XIV. TEXT AND MANUSCRIPTS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT (Partly covered by the books just listed.)

- C. D. GINSBURG, *Introduction to The Hebrew Bible*.

Long been a standard work. Exhaustive. Would advise only those who know Hebrew to get it.

T. H. WEIR, *A Short History of The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament*. A good little book.

A. S. GEDEN, *Introduction to the Hebrew Bible*.

J. P. SMYTH, *The Old Documents and The New Bible*. A popular little book. The one which the reader without knowledge of Hebrew should have.

XV. VERSIONS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

The Targums on The Pentateuch. Translated by J. W. Etheridge. This old work in two volumes may sometimes be picked up in secondhand bookstores. The reader will find it interesting.

The Septuagint Version With The Apocrypha. This work was issued by Samuel Bagster and Sons in 1879. It contains the entire Septuagint in Greek with an English translation. With it the reader who knows nothing of the ancient languages will be able to note the radical differences between this version and the Hebrew from which our Bibles were translated. But unfortunately it is out of print, hard to find, and commands a handsome price.

R. R. OTTLEY, *A Handbook to The Septuagint*. Best book on the subject.

XVI. THE OLD TESTAMENT APOCRYPHA

R. H. CHARLES, *Religious Development Between The Old and The New Testaments*. Home University Library Series. By a leading authority.

F. C. BURKITT, *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses*.

R. H. CHARLES, *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of The Old Testament*. Two large and expensive volumes, in which all this mass of literature is translated with commentary and so forth. The great work on the

subject in English. Many of the writings are issued in separate and inexpensive volumes.

XVII. NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY

EMIL SCHÜRER, *History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ*, Five volumes. Long the standard work. The revised German edition has not been translated.

C. J. CADOUX, *The Early Church and the World*. Runs down to the Emperor Constantine.

S. ANGUS, *The Mystery Religions and Christianity*. Contains an exhaustive bibliography.

S. ANGUS, *The Environment of Early Christianity*. An excellent little book.

Studies in Early Christianity, edited by S. J. Case. Chapters by a number of American scholars on various New Testament subjects. Highly recommended.

ADOLF DEISSMANN, *Light from the Ancient East—The New Testament Illustrated by Recently Discovered Texts of the Graeco-Roman World*. A magnificent book indispensable in all New Testament study. But quite expensive.

Out of the great mass of books on Jesus the following may be recommended:

JOSEPH KLAUSNER, *Jesus of Nazareth*. Translated by Herbert Danby. Written by one of the leading Jewish scholars.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE, *Jesus, A New Biography*. This and Klausner's book are the most satisfying studies of the subject in English.

C. C. McCOWN, *Genesis of the Social Gospel, the Meaning of the Ideals of Jesus in the Light of Their Antecedents*. A book of the first order. To be read with the two preceding. Contains a full bibliography.

B. W. BACON, *The Story of Jesus*.

- CHARLES PIEPENBRING, *The Historical Jesus*. Translated by Lilian A. Clare. An excellent book.
- SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE, *The Historicity of Jesus*. Refutes successfully the idea that no such person as Jesus ever lived.
- E. F. SCOTT, *The Ethical Teaching of Jesus*. A small work splendidly done.
- OTTO PFLEIDERER, *Christian Origins*. Translated by Daniel A. Huebsch. Deals also with Paul.
- R. T. HERFORD, *The Pharisees*. An appreciation of the Pharisees by one of the few Christian scholars qualified to judge them. Should be read by every Christian. The same is true of another little book by the same author,
- R. T. HERFORD, *Judaism in The New Testament Period*.
- D. W. RIDDLE, *Jesus and the Pharisees*. Also friendly to the Pharisees. A suggestive book.
- KAUFMANN KOHLER, *The Origins of the Synagogue and the Church*, by a Jewish scholar. Should be read with Herford's books.
- C. G. MONTEFIORE, *The Old Testament and After*. By another fine Jewish scholar. Is of very great value in any New Testament study.

The following are to me the best books on Paul and the start of the Christian church:

- W. M. RAMSAY, *Saint Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen*.
- W. M. RAMSAY, *The Church in the Roman Empire Before A. D. 170*.
- A. C. MCGIFFERT, *A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age*. Thirty years old and still very useful.
- B. W. BACON, *The Apostolic Message*. Whatever book bears the name of this foremost American New Testament scholar must be read.
- F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON and KIRSOPP LAKE, *The Begin-*

nings of Christianity. First two volumes. Of the first order but costly.

KIRSOPP LAKE, *Landmarks in the History of Early Christianity.* A small book, but extremely readable and of greatest importance.

A. C. MCGIFFERT, *The God of the Early Christians.* A fine and most suggestive little book.

B. W. BACON, *The Story of Saint Paul.*

B. W. BACON, *Jesus and Paul.*

ADOLF DEISSMANN, *Saint Paul: A Study in Social and Religious History.* Translated by L. R. M. Strachan. A great book.

C. T. WOOD, *The Life, Letters and Religion of Saint Paul.*

T. R. GLOVER, *Paul of Tarsus.* An excellent book.

F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON, *The Life and Letters of Saint Paul.* Popular, very interesting, and authoritative.

F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON, *Peter: Prince of Apostles.* The only real study of this apostle in English, and well done.

XVIII. NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM: HISTORY

F. C. CONYBEARE, *History of New Testament Criticism.* Companion volume to Duff's little book on the Old Testament.

H. S. NASH, *History of The Higher Criticism of the New Testament.*

XIX. NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND INTRODUCTION

B. W. BACON, *The Making of the New Testament.* Home University Library Series.

B. W. BACON, *The Making of the New Testament.* Home

JAMES MOFFATT, *Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament.* Companion volume to Driver's work on the Old Testament, and of the same character.

- A. S. PEAKE, *Critical Introduction to the New Testament*. Companion volume to Gray's work on the Old Testament.
- J. H. WADE, *New Testament History*. A large volume dealing with almost every phase of the New Testament. A fine work. Highly recommended.
- H. T. FOWLER, *The History and Literature of the New Testament*. In an easy and popular style, but interesting and authoritative. The best book with which to start the study of the New Testament.
- B. H. STREETER, *The Four Gospels*. Hard reading but will abundantly repay the effort. In some respects the best critical work on the gospels in English.
- B. W. BACON, *The Gospel of Mark*. An exhaustive study that calls for one's best attention.
- VINCENT TAYLOR, *Behind the Third Gospel*. A fine study of Luke for one who is not afraid of heavy reading.
- H. J. CADBURY, *The Making of Luke-Acts*. An excellent study that should give no trouble to an intelligent person.
- J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, *The Johannine Writings: A Study of the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel*. The last work, I believe, of a great British scholar. A fine study.
- SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE, *The Revelation of John*. A popular and authoritative treatment of the most mysterious book in the Bible.
- W. G. BALLANTINE, *Understanding the Bible*. A little book eminently worth while.

XX. CANON AND TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

- M. R. VINCENT, *A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*. A good little book.
- ALEXANDER SOUTER, *The Text and Canon of the New Testament*. Much information packed in small space.

- C. R. GREGORY, *Canon and Text of the New Testament*.
The standard work in English and interesting reading.
- F. G. KENYON, *Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*. A great study by the great authority of the British Museum.
- F. G. KENYON, *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*.
A long story well told in a beautiful book.

XXI. NEW TESTAMENT APOCRYPHA

Of the various translations of these writings that have been published only one may be recommended, *The Apocryphal New Testament*, by M. R. James. Gives translations with introductions of all the extant apocryphal literature. The best work on the subject in existence.

XXII. COMMENTARIES OF THE BIBLE

A Commentary on the Bible. Edited by A. S. Peake. Many essays by many scholars on nearly every phase of the Bible in popular style, and a commentary on every book. All in one volume. Though the work as a whole is too conservative, I recommend it as the one book out of which the general reader will get most. A library on the Bible should start with this and G. A. Barton, *Archaeology and the Bible*. There are three series of excellent commentaries on every book of the Bible written by foremost scholars for people who have no knowledge of Hebrew or Greek, all of them published in handy and inexpensive form. They are *The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges*, new editions, *The Bible for Home and School*, and *The New Century Bible*.

XXIII. VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE

No great knowledge of Latin is necessary in order to

read the *Vulgate*. It is easily procurable, as is also the *Douay Version*, which one may compare with profit with the *King James Version*.

- I. M. PRICE, *The Ancestry of Our English Bible*. The history of the Bible from the beginning in a popular and reliable fashion, with a bibliography.
- B. F. WESTCOTT, *History of the English Bible*. Third edition revised by W. A. Wright. A standard work.
- H. W. HOARE, *The Evolution of the English Bible*. Covers much the same ground as the preceding and should be read with it. Both are excellently written.
- F. H. A. SCRIVENER, *The Authorized Edition of the English Bible* (1611). Gives in excellent type the King James Version's "Translators to the Reader."
- JAMES BAIKIE, *The English Bible and Its Story*. Recently published and well done.
- A. CLUTTON-BROCK, *Essays on Religion*. "The English Bible." Nothing better on the subject was ever written than this short piece.

Date Due

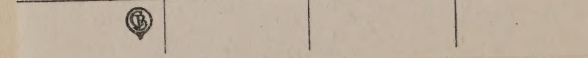
FACULTY			
---------	--	--	--

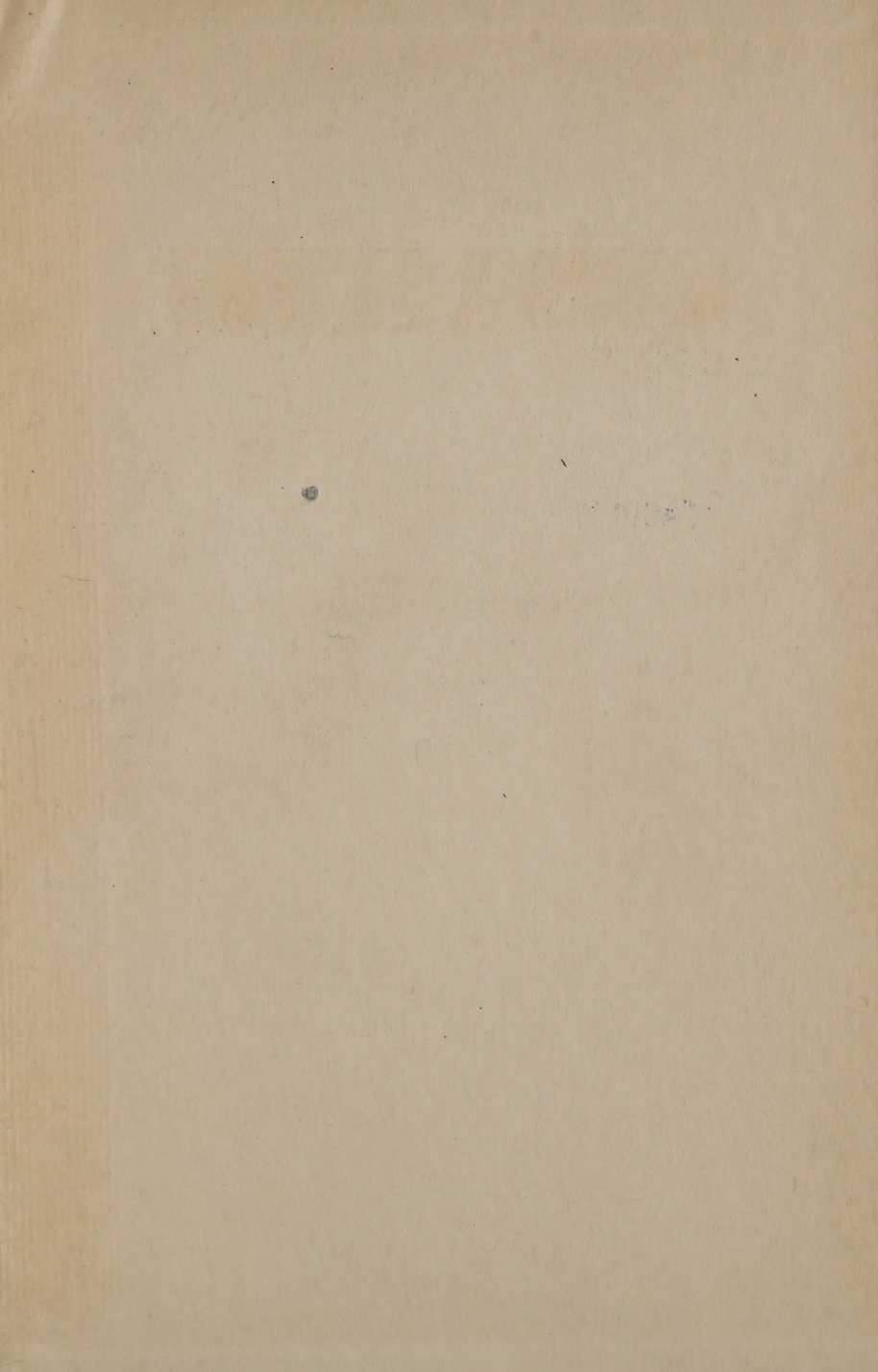
N 6			
-----	--	--	--

	45		

FACULTY		

AG 145		





BS538 .R52
Life and the Book,

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00011 3904